

THE BOURBON NEWS.

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PARIS, BOURBON CO., KY., TUESDAY, APRIL 5, 1898.

NO. 27.

Of Certain Novelties

The new goods are coming faster than can be mentioned, many that deserve a prominent place here are crowded out and have to go unheralded and unsung. We would call your particular attention to our Wall Paper stock this season. It is a superb line, exclusive patterns, original ideas, the designers are creators of styles, not followers. New, striking, tasteful, and prices that are below that demanded for inferior goods. Just look over the line, or such parts of it as will interest you and we are sure you will agree with us as to its merits:

At 5c

we show 50 patterns that need but to be seen to insure to us a sale. All shades, all designs to suit any room from the attic to the cellar.

At 7 1-2c

Catchy, Frency, florals and stripes in the new tones of green, red and blue.

At 10c

A few special strips in silk effects, with and without frieze, with mouldings to match. They hang as beautifully as a real silk fabric.

At 12 1-2c

New colors in ingrain, with large floral borders and ceilings.

At 15c

The most exquisite line of English Chintz and floral designs. A remnant lot of Room Moldings at 2c per foot to close out pattern. Bring measure of room and get a chance at these; they will only last a few days.

C. F. BROWER & CO.

Carpets, Furniture Wall Paper.

LEXINGTON, KY.

WHY IS NOT

THE VULCAN

THE BEST PLOW MADE?

500 of them now in Bourbon County testify to their merits. Try one. If not satisfactory return it and get your money back. For sale by

O. EDWARDS.

No! it is not claimed that Foley's Honey and Tar will cure CONSUMPTION or ASTHMA in advanced stages, it holds out no such false hopes, but DOES truthfully claim to always give comfort and relief in the very worst cases and in the early stages to effect a cure.

Sold by James Kennedy, Druggist.

DR. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS. The only safe, sure and reliable Female PILL ever offered to Ladies, especially recommended to married Ladies. Ask for DR. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS and take no other. Send for circular. Price \$1.00 per box, 6 boxes for \$5.00. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO. - Cleveland, Ohio.

For Sale By W. T. Brooks, Druggist.



Stir the Earth.

EASTER SUITS

OF THE

Finest Imported Cloth,

\$30 AND \$35

The same Suit will cost you \$45 and \$50 elsewhere.

Nobby Business Suits, \$25.00

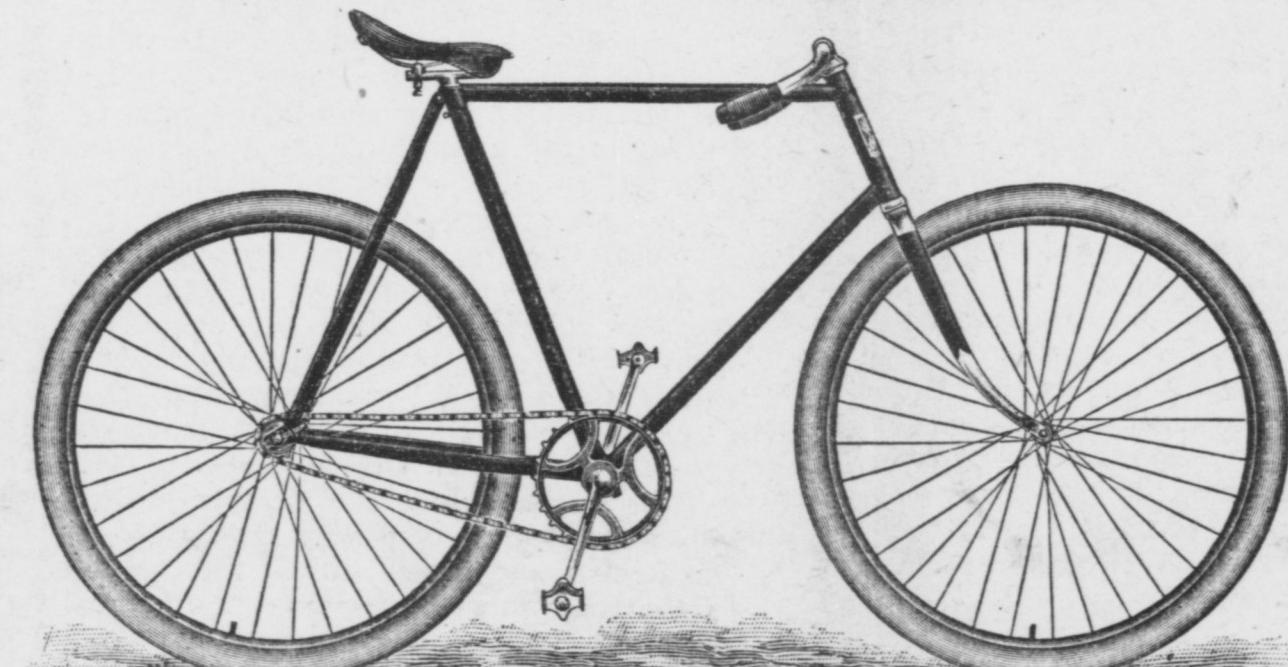
Fine Trousers, \$7.00 and \$8.00

PARIS FURNISHING & TAILORING CO.

H. S. STOUT, Manager.

JOE MUNSON, Cutter.

PHOENIX BICYCLES



STAND THE RACKET.

Easy Riding; Strictly High-Grade Wheels.

SOLD BY

DAUGHERTY BROS.,

DEALERS IN

Bicycles, Sundries, etc., Bicycle Repairing, Vulcanizing, etc.

FRANK & CO.



When the Street will Blossom as the Rose.

What is Worn and Where to Find It:

All the novelties in Ladies' neckwear for Easter at Frank & Co's.

Kid Gloves in the latest colorings for Easter at Frank & Co's

Jeweled Belts and Fancy Buckles at Frank & Co's.

Costumes ready to wear for Easter at Frank & Co's.

Organdies, both imported and American, at Frank & Co's.

The new style Taffeta Silk Waist at Frank & Co's.

Jaunty Jackets, Capes and Shirt Waists for Easter at Frank & Co's.

Ready-to-wear plain and brocaded Satin Skirts—all lengths—at Frank & Co's.

Plain and Fancy Ribbons for Sashes in the latest colorings; at Frank & Co's.

Wash goods for Dresses and Waists, in endless variety, at Frank & Co's.

Grenadines in figured, plaid and Bayadere effects, at Frank & Co's.

Plaids, checks and stripes in Taffetta Silks, at Frank & Co's.

FRANK & CO.,
404 MAIN STREET,
PARIS, KY.

THE LEVEE BROKE

And Shawneetown, Ill., is Under From Twenty or Thirty Feet of Water.

Over Two Hundred Lives Were Lost By the Sudden Onslaught of Waters—Houses Floating With Their Occupants Clinging to Their Roofs.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., April 4.—A special to the Courier Journal from Evansville, Ind., says:

At 6 o'clock Sunday afternoon the levee at Shawneetown, Ill., broke a mile above the town, and from all the information that can be secured here it is learned that a great part of the place has been destroyed and that perhaps a large number of citizens have been drowned.

Shawneetown is 75 miles below Evansville, on the Ohio river. It is situated in a valley of extremely low land, with hills skirting it in the rear and with a 25 foot levee in front running from hill to hill. The town is very much in the position of a fortified city, and when the levee gave way a mile above town under the pressure of the very high river the water shot through a 20 foot opening and struck the place like a hurricane, sweeping everything before it.

Houses were turned and tossed about like boxes. The people were not warned of the break, and for that reason so many were caught. Those at home sought refuge in second stories and on rooftops. Those in the streets were carried before the avalanche of water and probably a majority were drowned.

Citizens came from the place by skiffs to a telephone several miles away and asked for aid from Evansville. They said that more than 200 people were drowned, and they had reason to believe it would reach 500, or even 1,000.

The water stands from 20 to 30 feet all over the town.

There are of course no fire or lights in the place, and darkness envelopes the desolate scene. Consequently it was impossible for them to have anything like definite information. The men quickly left the telephone and no communication has since been had with the place.

All telephone and telegraph wires are now down, and outside communication appears to be impossible.

At ten o'clock Sunday night two steamboats and a couple of tugs started for Shawneetown under full head of steam, and it is expected that some of them will arrive there by two o'clock in the morning. They carry large supplies of food and blankets quickly collected by the city officials.

CHICAGO, April 4.—A special to the Record from Cypress Junction, Ill., says: Two hundred and fifty persons were drowned Sunday by the inundation of Shawneetown, six miles from this place.

The north levee broke at 4:20 o'clock Sunday afternoon and the Ohio river flooded over the town many feet deep.

Scores of houses were floating about Sunday night and many persons were clinging to the wreckage in the hope that rescuers would soon appear with boats to take them to places of safety.

All communication with the town is cut off. Trains can not reach there, and telephone and telegraph wires are down.

The first report that reached here was that the entire population had been drowned, but this is not confirmed.

The levee was built by the government and was regarded as impregnable, hence the people had taken no precautions against a possible flood. It is reported that the flood now extends four miles inland, and people are fleeing for their lives from the lowland hamlets.

EARLINGTON, Ky., April 4.—At 8:45 Sunday evening Superintendent W. S. Martin, of the Henderson & St. Louis division of the Louisville & Nashville railroad, stationed at Evansville, Ind., received a telephone message from Cypress Junction, Ill., saying that the levee surrounding Shawneetown, Ill., on the Ohio river, had broken and the waters had drowned every one in Shawneetown. There has been no railroad communication direct between Evansville and Shawneetown for over a week, on account of the high water in the Ohio river.

The levee was built by the government after the floods of 1884 and has been regarded as safe; people felt secure.

Cypress Junction is six miles from Shawneetown.

Our New Torpedo Boat.

BERLIN, April 4.—The torpedo boat purchased at Schichau for his government by Lieut. A. P. Niblack, the naval attaché of the United States legation here, passed through the Baltic Saturday on its way to England, the government having granted permission for it to do so. Lieut. Niblack is negotiating at Pillau for two more torpedo boats.

Sioux Indians Tender Their Services.

SIOUX FALLS, S. D., April 4.—Six hundred Sioux Indians under the leadership of Six Fighting Braves, from Pine Ridge agency, have tendered their services to Gov. Lee, to re-enforce the militia. They say they are only too willing to go to war if permitted to fight Spain. Most of these Indians were with Sitting Bull at the massacre of Gen. Custer and the Seventh cavalry.

Patriotic Printers.

MOBILE, Ala., April 4.—The local Typographical union, at its meeting Sunday, passed a resolution suggesting to members of other unions throughout the United States that they each contribute half a dollar toward a fund for building a battle ship.

Six Drowned in St. Francis River.

PIGGOTT, Ark., April 4.—M. Wrenhorst, his three children and sister and brother-in-law, were drowned in St. Francis river, near St. Francis, Sunday afternoon. Their boat capsized. None of the bodies have been recovered.

THE X RAY.

Its Use on Board of War Vessels and on the Field in Case of War.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., April 4.—Lynde Bradley, an expert electrician of this city, has perfected plans for the use of the X ray on board war vessels and on the field, and in case of war will immediately enlist in the government service. Mr. Bradley says that while it would be a simple matter to bring the X ray into use on a war ship that considerable difficulty would be attached to the introduction of the machine on the field. A small engine, boiler and dynamo would have to be mounted on wheels for field use and the X-ray machine mounted on a carriage. The apparatus, however, will be much lighter and more portable than may be imagined and his field apparatus could be furnished in a week.

"I have been thinking of this matter for months," said Mr. Bradley Saturday, "but have waited for hostilities to begin before taking any active steps. The great help that the X Ray would be to surgeons lies in the quick, easy and painless method of locating a bullet or splinter in a man's body, a fracture of a bone, or other serious injury."

TORPEDO FLOTILLA

Reached the Cape Verd Islands, 2,000 Miles From Porto Rico, on Saturday.

MADRID, April 4.—The statement cabled Friday night that the torpedo flotilla of Spain has arrived at Porto Rico was taken from a newspaper here. Investigation shows the announcement to be erroneous. The Spanish flotilla has arrived at the Cape Verd Islands and it is said will proceed to coaling.

WASHINGTON, April 2.—The announcement that the Spanish torpedo flotilla was at the Cape Verd islands, off the west coast of Africa, instead of at Porto Rico, was received with a good deal of satisfaction at the navy department, which was without information of its own on the whereabouts of the flotilla. The islands are more than 2,000 miles from Porto Rico and it is the opinion of naval experts that at the very best ten or twelve days would be the least time within which they could make the run across.

ROYAL FAMILY

Of Spain Fears an Outbreak Unless the Differences with the United States Are Soon Settled.

BERLIN, April 4.—The German ambassador at Madrid, Herr Von Rodowitz, reports to the foreign office here that the Spanish royal family fears an outbreak unless the differences between the United States and Spain are soon settled.

The Carlist movement is assuming more active form and the royal family fears especially a pronunciamento from Gen. Weyler and the military party.

Everything is prepared in the royal castles for flight. The boy king, Alphonso, will be taken to San Lucar de Barameda, an Andalusian port, where a yacht is kept ready for sailing.

The replies to the queen's letter asking for the intervention of the European powers have been wholly unsatisfactory.

THE PRESIDENT

Will Recommend Recognition of Cuban Independence, But Will Omit All Reference to Armed Intervention.

WASHINGTON, April 4.—A member of the senate committee on foreign relations who visited the president Sunday night, after leaving the white house stated that the message would be sent to congress on Wednesday, and that it would recommend the recognition of the independence of Cuba, but omit all reference to armed intervention.

This, it is believed, will not be satisfactory to congress. There is a suspicion that the president pursues this course for the purpose of throwing the entire responsibility for what may follow on congress.

ARMY REGIMENTS PRACTICALLY FULL.

WASHINGTON, April 4.—Adj. Gen. Corbin Saturday pronounced absolutely false the report circulated in New York that the war department had issued orders to add 10,000 men to the army. No such orders, he said, had been issued or contemplated. The army regiments are now practically full with the exception of a few men needed to fill companies to their full quota and only an insignificant number of men are needed unless congress by legislation provides for a larger army.

THE RISING IN ZAMBALDES SUBDDED.

NEW YORK, April 4.—A dispatch to the Herald from Hong Kong says: The rising of the Colinas in Zambaldes has been subdued. The troops killed thousands of Indians, including hundreds of women and children. A rebel meeting in Manila was surprised by civil guards, who killed 11 in the house and took 60 prisoners. All the prisoners were shot the same day without a trial. Six of the guards were wounded and two killed. The alarm has subsided.

TODAY'S FLOTILLA WILL REMAIN AT CAPE VERDE.

MADRID, April 4.—The Spanish cabinet has decided that the torpedo flotilla shall remain at Cape Verde Island until further orders. The flotilla will be joined by a squadron composed of the Charles V., the Alfonso XIII., the Infanta Teresa and the Christopher Colon, which will accompany it to Cuba. It has also been decided that the Vizcaya and Oquendo, as soon as they are sighted at Porto Rico, shall be ordered to return to Havana.

GRAND CENTRAL DEPT OPEN FOR BUSINESS.

CINCINNATI, April 4.—The muddy waters of the troublesome Ohio river have receded enough to permit the opening of the Grand Central station and trains on all roads using that depot began to arrive and depart as usual. Saturday afternoon. The Eighth street station will be abandoned and travel will resume its normal condition.

EX-SHERIFF ADAMS DEAD.

NEW PHILADELPHIA, O., April 4.—Ex-Sheriff Adams died in this city after a long illness with kidney trouble. He was 64 years of age.

PUBLIC MEN

Believe That the Crisis Will Reach a Climax in a Few Days.

This Delay Will Be Welcomed By Those in Charge of the War Preparations—Can Congress Be Restrained Until the Message Is Issued?

WASHINGTON, April 4.—The opinion almost universally held in Washington Sunday night by leading public men and diplomats is that the crisis will reach its climax this week, and that the question of war or peace will be determined within the next seven days. Senators and representatives met and conferred all day about the gravity of the situation, and at the white house the president consulted with several members of his cabinet and other confidential advisers regarding the message which he is preparing to send to congress. At the state, war and navy building active work was going on, and altogether it has been a day of suppressed feeling. No absolute day yet announced when the message is to be sent to congress, and all that seemed to be absolutely certain Sunday night was that it would not go in Monday—Tuesday possibly, but more probably Wednesday or perhaps Thursday. In addition to the physical work of preparing the comprehensive document upon which the president expects to rest America's case with the world, there are other reasons why those in charge of the war preparations will welcome every hour's delay. War material, which we have ordered abroad, is not yet shipped, and the factories in this country, which are running day and night making powder and projectiles, are anxious for delay. Some of the factories in Connecticut with contracts have telegraphed Representative Hill urging all the delay possible. They say every day now is precious.

There is still a divergence of opinion as to what the president will recommend in his message; indeed there seems to be still a question as to whether the president will make any specific recommendations. Some of his most intimate friends, however, assert emphatically that his recommendations will be specific and vigorous and such that his party and country could willingly follow when he points the way. One of these said that the president, in his strong desire for peace and his earnest hope that war might possibly be avoided was yielding somewhat to the sentiment of the leaders of his party and the country. He has not given up hope yet that hostilities may be averted. There are those who believe the president has not yet made up his mind as to the exact course he will pursue and there seems to be a question as to whether the consular reports and the diplomatic correspondence is to be transmitted with the message.

The suspense caused by the necessary delay in the preparation of the message is very trying upon members of both houses, and the most universally discussed question in Washington Sunday night was whether congress can be restrained until the message is transmitted. All realize the difficult and arduous task of preparing our case for the world's inspection and the care which must be exercised and there seems to be no disposition to "unduly" hasten the president. The party leaders are extremely anxious to avoid a breach with the executive, such as would occur if congress were to take the initiative. After a careful canvas of the situation Sunday they believe the radical republicans can be held in line a few days longer, until Wednesday at least. The conference of republicans of the house who have been insisting upon prompt action held another meeting Monday night. While many of them are now in favor of giving the president more leeway than they were last week, it is realized that 25 republican votes in the house would, with the democratic and populist votes, be sufficient to act. It can be pretty confidently asserted that all the republicans of the house, with possibly exceptions which could be counted on the fingers of one hand, can be controlled until Wednesday. All realize the difficult and arduous task of preparing our case for the world's inspection and the care which must be exercised and there seems to be no disposition to "unduly" hasten the president.

Orders have been sent to every interior and western post to prepare for instant forwarding of troops to the east and south. KEY WEST, Fla., April 4.—The decks of United States war ships here are all cleared for action. They are vicious-looking crafts. All are taking on stores of provisions, including fresh meats. Orders are momentarily expected for the fleet to go to Havana. Commander Forsyth, commandant here, said Saturday, "I now believe that this country and Spain will go to war within 48 hours."

WASHINGTON, April 2.—Orders have been issued to the dynamite cruiser Vesuvius, now at the navy yard here, to proceed to Key West. She will sail Sunday. The navy yard here has been ordered closed to visitors.

It was reported Saturday that arraignment of Spain on account of the Maine disaster will be one of the chief features of the president's message.

WAR NOTES.

The Preparations That Are Going on All Over the Country.

Riots are expected in Havana.

Americans are preparing to leave Havana.

Talk of peace has practically ceased in Washington.

Spaniards in Chili are asked to fight against Americans.

The navy is being rapidly recruited with vessels and men.

The Havana press has woken up to the fact that war is near.

Fire insurance companies in Boston refuse to take war risks.

The tone of the Madrid press is quite belligerent over the situation.

Minister Woodford has packed up ready for a call to return home.

Gen. Graham reports the harbor defense at New Orleans in good shape.

The French admiral says Spain's navy is more than a match for America.

Torpedo defenses in connection with coast fortifications are to be strengthened.

Enormous orders for supplies have been given to Chicago houses for food supplies.

Nine prisoners arrived in Spain charged with trying to blow up the Oquendo.

The navy and war departments have decided upon Tampa, Fla., as a base for supplies.

An extra session of the Georgia legislature will be called to provide for coast defenses.

The flying squadron, at Hampton Roads, is ready and awaiting orders to begin business.

Indiana patriots are eager to go to the front, and the state guard is prepared to move at once.

Ohio is ready for a call to arms. Gov. Bushnell says he can put 100,000 men in the field at the first call.

Uncle Sam has purchased a cruiser from the Thames Iron Works, London. She will be ready to sail in three days.

The United States authorities have ordered further work in wrecking the Maine stopped. The order is significant.

Dr. K. A. Rannells, surgeon of the 17th regiment, O. N. G., with his hospital corps, has been ordered to Washington.

Spain has 11 armored vessels and 38 cruising vessels, and is especially strong in torpedo boats and torpedo destroyers.

Germany is preparing to enforce her demand for indemnity against Spain for subjects killed by insurgents in Cannanabia, Cuba.

The pope is actively at work in an endeavor to secure European intervention in the prospective war between Spain and the United States.

The commander of the Louisiana naval battalion at New Orleans, has received orders to hold his command in readiness to move at a moments notice.

READY FOR WAR.

All Preparations Have Been Perfected for Every Possible Emergency.

WASHINGTON, April 4.—The army of the United States is ready to fight to-morrow. Adjutant Corbin announced Saturday that all preparations had been perfected for every possible contingency, and no matter what demands were made upon the department it was ready to meet them.

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STORY UNTRUE.

That Spain Has Purchased the Armored Cruiser Carlo Alberto From Italy.

ROME, April 4.—The report that the Italian armored cruiser Carlo Alberto has been sold to Spain is untrue, as the war ship belongs to the nation and a law must be enacted before she can be sold.

The real situation is that Commander Willard H. Brownson, U. S. N., is negotiating in behalf of the United States for the purchase of the Bosphorus, which is being built for Morocco at the Orando yards, but the consent of Morocco must be obtained before the sale can be consummated.

Commander Brownson is also negotiating at the Ansaldo yards at Leghorn for two torpedo boats and at the Odero yards for a torpedo boat destroyer.

Spain is negotiating at the Ansaldo yards for the purchase of the armored cruiser Garibaldi and the armored cruiser Varese from Argentina, and is understood to be consummating the purchase of the Varese. The prices of the Garibaldi and Varese are \$5,400,000.</

THE TEMPLE IN THE TWILIGHT.

The lyric of the timid thrush
That fills the star-gemmed arch
A hymn is, after which the hush
Of dusk, and then the dark.

The fragrant garden blossoms bright,
That waver to and fro,
Are censers from which, through the
night,

The winds sweet incense blow.

The moon, the sister of the sun,
Who lifts a face so pale
In worship, is a patient sun,
Half hidden in her veil.

And I—a wanderer am I,
Who, turning from my way,
Have entered in this Temple by
The bright door of the day.

Alone and free of every care,
I lingered here, and long
My lips move in sweet words of prayer
After the evening song.—
Frederick F. Sherman, in N. Y. Independent.

A CLEW BY WIRE

Or, An Interrupted Current.

BY HOWARD M. YOST.

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CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

Now I certainly had received no message from Florence. If one had been sent me it must have been either during my first visit to the cellar or during my trip to Sidington, and therefore I had missed it.

"Yes, I have heard that they have met again. Much good may it do them!" Jackson responded with a sneer. Then he went on: "And since you found my hiding-place, perhaps you'll tell me what you expect to gain by coming to it? Have you arrived at your right senses again?"

"I have," came the answer.

"Oh, then you agree to give your daughter to me. I thought you would come to time."

"No, a thousand times no! I have come to have an accounting from you."

"Accounting? From me? For what, I wonder?" Jackson asked, with insincerity.

"You have broken our solemn agreement. You have removed not only your share of what remains, but also mine. Restore it, and you will not be injured, although we can never again resume our compact. Refuse to do so, and I will crush you."

"Oh, ho, you will, will you? How?" asked Jackson, in derisive tones.

"By denouncing you," Mr. Morley replied, sternly.

"Now, that is useless and foolish talk. Let us reason, as between two business men," said Jackson, assuming a confidential style. "I want to marry your daughter. At first you kept promising me that I should do so. All through the five years of patient waiting for an opportunity to tap the vault, you kept me to the job by that promise. Late you refuse to fulfill your promise, and yet you now talk to me of breaking our agreement. Give me your daughter. You know she would be influenced by your wish."

"It cannot be."

"And why not? I know she doesn't like me, but I love her and want her more than anything on earth. She'll do as you tell her; you know that. Come, I'll give up not only your share of what remains, but all my own. I am rich now, and don't need it."

"And who made you rich?"

"Oh, you did. I don't deny it; and you have my thanks," replied Jackson, in mocking tones. "That last deal in which we were on opposite sides happened to turn my way, and I got the pile you dropped. That's my luck. I can give her as luxurious a home as she has had. Come, old man, be reasonable."

"Never. You cannot have her. She despises you, and her likes and dislikes have more weight with me than anything you could offer. Thank God, she will marry a better man than either you or me."

"Oh, she will! Not while I live. No, she shall marry no one if not me," Jackson exclaimed, in rage.

"And you thought that removing the stolen bonds to some secret hiding place of your own and thereby depriving me of my share would compel me to accede to your demand for my daughter's hand?" asked Mr. Morley, in great scorn.

"Partly that. There was another reason, too. I had an idea that some one was on our track, and it was my purpose to throw proof on the one who was universally considered the guilty party in case it became too hot for us."

"Too hot for you," quietly interposed Mr. Morley.

"No, for us. Do you suppose I have been such a fool as to place myself so completely in your power that my safety should depend on your whim? Not much! If I am found out, be sure you go down with me, in spite of your high standing and incorruptible honor." Jackson hissed out these words with venom.

"This conversation is fruitless. We will change it," remarked Mr. Morley, in tones wherein great effort at self-control was evident. "Now, restore my portion of the bonds, and you have my word that I will not molest you. Refuse, and I'll grind you down in the dirt, where you belong."

"Bluff! all bluff!" exclaimed Jackson, with a derisive laugh. "There was a time when I was afraid of you, but not now, not now. You've been so very kind as to tell what you'll do; now let me have my say. You'll give me your daughter, or I will denounce you. You know I can do it. I hold absolute proofs which will astonish the world, you bet. Don't answer just yet. Think over what I am saying. I know well I must fall when you do. My showing you up necessarily includes that. But you are such a senseless old fool in refusing me your daughter that it would be a pleasure to show you up. Besides,

I do love Florence, and if I can't have her I don't care what happens to me."

There must have been something in Mr. Morley after this speech which disturbed Jackson, for he gave vent to a nervous laugh and backed away, so that I could not see him.

"Now, don't act like a fool, old man, and do anything—"

Before Jackson could finish a pistol shot rang out.

This was immediately followed by two other reports. Mr. Morley had evidently missed the first time, and his second shot sounded simultaneously with Jackson's return fire.

Then Mr. Morley staggered before the passageway. His arms were upraised, and the hands worked convulsively.

He made a great effort to speak, but no sound came from his lips, except a deep groan as he fell forward full length. And there he lay, motionless, his face resting on the hard floor.

A moment Jackson was bending over him. The look of horror, of fear, of dread in his face as he arose from beside the prostrate body told a tale of murder.

With nervous haste he picked up the papers which had fallen from his hand, and, throwing a hasty glance around, seized the lantern and entered the passageway, intent on instant flight.

Toor horrified to think what course to pursue, I backed away from the door and took a position near the stairs.

Jackson entered the cook-house cellar, and, placing the lantern upon the floor, closed the door. Then he turned and peered about. The start he gave and the alarm on his face told me I was discovered. He had his pistol still in his hand, and started to raise his arm. "No, no," I cried; "keep that hand down!" He saw I had him covered with my revolver, and he obeyed my command for the moment. But I knew that he was a desperate man and would not hesitate to throw his life away in the endeavor to escape. Therefore I hastily followed up the advantage.

"You'll throw that pistol to me," I continued. "Instantly, you damned villain, you murderer, or, as sure as Heaven—"

But my words were interrupted. He had backed up against the door, his eyes staring fixedly at me. There was a movement of his arm, and I was about to pull the trigger to forestall his purpose of firing at me, when a report sounded out from behind him, as he leaned against the wall and door, and with a loud cry he sprang forward, came down all in a heap, rolled over on his back, and lay there, dead—dead, and by his own murderous device for guarding his hiding place.

Hurried footsteps were crossing the room above, and I hastily took up a new position of defense.

"Stop!" I yelled, as the feet began to descend. "The stairs are covered by my pistol."

There was a pause, and a hurried consultation upon the landing.

"Is that you down there, Mr. Conway?" inquired a voice which I recognized.

"Yes, it is; and, as I do not know whether you are an enemy or a friend, Mr. Sonntag, I guess I won't run any risk. You'd better stay up. You have me in your power, penned up here in this hole; but if I've got to die some one else goes with me."

Again there was a hurried conversation in low tones between Sonntag and some other party, who I surmised was Skinner.

"Perhaps you will not object to my approach, Nelson," a voice called out as a second pair of legs came down. "We are all friends, true friends," it continued.

There was something so familiar in the sound of the voice that I hesitated in again uttering a remonstrance.

"We are all friends," the man said again, as his head reached below the level of the floor. Dim though the light was upon the stairs, I recognized him immediately, and with a loud call sprang toward him.

My leaning the weight of my hand against the door when I had stooped down to peer into the hole had operated the spring, as had Jackson's body when he backed from me.

"Clever rascal, that Jackson, and a patient one," remarked Sonntag.

"Then you know he robbed the bank?" I asked.

"Oh, yes we knew it, and have known it for some time," Sonntag said, dryly.

"Then why was he not arrested?" I continued.

"Well, we wanted to recover the property also. He had it hidden around his hunting-lodge somewhere, we were quite sure, but he was too cunning for us, and we could not discover where it was. Then yesterday you told me of the walled-up cellar, and I knew I had him."

"From what you tell me now, and what I have heretofore thought of your peculiar ways, I suppose I am right in surmising that you are a detective," I said.

"Yes, I am a detective," he quietly responded.

"And your name is not Sonntag?"

"No, Wilson is my name. It was simply a stroke of chance that made me your lawyer and agent for a short time. It was necessary to be present here, and the death of your former agent came most opportunely."

"So then Jackson never suspected you?"

"No. At least I believe not."

"And how did you come to suspect Jackson?" I asked, curiously.

"By looking up his record."

"Why, was he a regular criminal?"

"No. Not until he robbed the bank."

He used to be in the employ of a large safe manufacturer as an expert on locks. When we found that out we were certain he was the man in the bank who could open the lock, when the time-piece was off, without knowing the combination."

Did the detectives know of Mr. Morley's connection with the affair? If not, I could easily keep secret what I knew.

"And you think Jackson was alone in the affair?" I asked, with a view to

the door to watch Sonntag and Skinner, leaving me to my thoughts.

Poor Florence! My heart was rent when I pictured her grief. And my promise to Mr. Morley that she should never hear anything against her failed to cause a diminution of her love and respect—how was I to keep that promise, when the father lay there in yonder room, shot to death by his partner, his tool, his pupil in crime?

Here another pistol-report sounded, followed by an exclamation of satisfaction from Sonntag, for immediately the door swung open.

"Now, then, Mr. Conway, you can investigate this mystery," he said, coming toward me.

While Mr. Perry and Skinner were engaged in searching for the cause of the voice and the pistol-shots, Sonntag spoke in low, earnest tones:

"Where is the man who came down after you?" he asked.

I pointed toward the inner apartment.

"What, did Jackson lock him up there? How did he succeed?" Then he paused, and, holding the lantern higher, gazed thoughtfully in my face. "Dead, too? You don't mean to tell me!"

I nodded my head.

"Lord Almighty!" Sonntag exclaimed, and then turned slowly from me and joined the two at the door.

"Mr. Conway, come here," Mr. Perry called to me. "See," he said, when I came up, "here is the voice."

On one side of the door was a wooden box, in which was a phonograph.

"You observe this wire," began Skinner. "It is attached to the instrument, and runs down seemingly in the ground. Now I'll go and step on the plank and see if the wire is not moved and the phonograph set a-going." He did so, and a clock-work arrangement was set in motion which communicated with the instrument.

"Let us see what pulls the wire," said Mr. Perry.

We went over to the plank, and saw that Skinner had raised it so we could look underneath. There was a steel spring under one end, which was compressed when a weight was put upon the plank. The compression operated a lever which pulled the wire attached to it. The wire ran through an iron pipe under the stones toward the phonograph, the other end being fastened to the clock apparatus as we had already seen.

An arrangement like that which operates the phonograph was also used for



ascertaining how much Sonntag, or Wilson, knew.

He cast upon me one of his whimsical looks, and after a pause replied: "At first it seemed quite certain there was some one connected with Jackson in the affair. But now I find there was not."

Here Skinner, who had been listening to our conversation, glanced quickly up at Wilson, and I saw some signal flashed between the two.

"And what may your name be? Are you a detective, too?" I asked of Skinner.

"Yes," he replied, simply. "I am a detective and Skinner is my name."

"Why did you try to shoot me?"

"I didn't. I fired in the air. Still, I did want you to think I did. It was for two purposes: One, to frighten you away until this affair was settled; another, to make you really down on me. You see, Jackson at last seemed to suspect me, and I thought if I could show him you were terribly down on me it would put me all the closer in his confidence."

"Oh, you succeeded in making him believe you were his friend?" I remarked. "Worked the pal racket on him, eh?"

"As much as I could."

"Then you really were not treacherous to your contract with Miss Morley?"

"Good God, no. Who could play false to her?" Skinner exclaimed, in such convincing tones that I was satisfied.

Here Mr. Perry broke in. "Your wife will come out resplendent, Nelson, when the whole truth is known, and we will take care that it be known that you allowed yourself to be made a martyr of, by enduring the suspicion for the sake of aiding the search for the real robbers. Now then, come, gentlemen. Let us go into the other place."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ANECDOTE OF MEILHAC.

How He Chose an Heir at a Party
Given by Mme. Pozzi.

To finish with an anecdote about Meilhac. Two years ago he lost his best friend, M. Paul Poirson, whom he had made his residuary legatee. Meilhac was much affected by his death, and it was sometime before he could recover from the blow. A few months later on he became firmly attached to M. Ganderax, with whom he collaborated a comedy for the Francaise.

One evening while at a party given by Mme. Pozzi, he found himself by the side of M. Ganderax, whom he abruptly said: "My dear Ganderax, since Poirson is dead, will you be my heir?" Surprised at this proposal, M. Ganderax could not dissemble his confusion. "But my dear friend," replied Grandax, "you are not dying yet, and I can't see why you should think of your testament. At all events, you must have older friends than myself." Meilhac rejoined: "That has nothing to do with it. I simply ask you, yes or no, will you consent to become my heir?" Ganderax held out his hand and answered: "In that case, my dear Meilhac, I may consider that, in speaking thus to you, you ask me if I will be your best friend. I therefore willingly accept your proposal."

Remembering the large sums of money he earned by his pieces, it is perhaps astonishing that he left such a small fortune—about £6,000. It is true he was generous even to extravagance, and the more he made the more he spent. His funeral at the Madeleine was attended by all the celebrities in art, science and literature.—London Globe.

Designing Widow.

The Widow Flanigan, who has

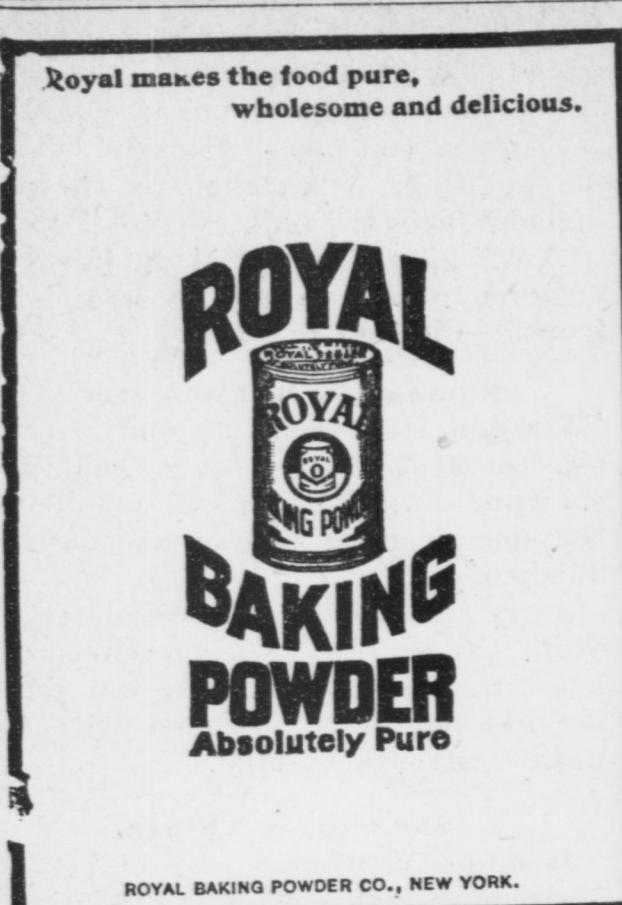
boarded house and a pretty dace, would like very much to marry Mr. Starboard, who is a trifle shy; so the widow said to him:

"Do you know that my daughter Fanny is very much taken with you?"

"Is that so?" replied Mr. Starboard, with a gratified smile, for he really infatuated with the daughter.

"Yes," continued the widow, with a languishing look, "Fannie said yesterday that you were just the kind of a man she'd like to have for a papa."

Mr. Starboard says if it wasn't for Fannie he would hunt up another hashery.—Tammamany Times.



THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Eighteenth Year—Established 1881.]

*Published every Tuesday and Friday by
WALTER CHAMP, } Editors and Owners.
BRUCE MILLER,*

*Make all Checks, Money Orders, etc.,
payable to the order of CHAMP & MILLER.*

Last Night's War News.

FORTY floating submarine mines were secretly planted in the narrowest part of Havana harbor Wednesday night by the Spanish government.

Gen. Lee has been instructed to turn the American Consulate over to the British Consul when war is declared.

The Spanish flotilla has not yet reached Porto Rico. The fleet will mass at Cape Verde Islands.

Two warships, bought in England, and a torpedo boat bought in Germany, will sail immediately for the United States.

The President has decided to recommend recognition of independence in Cuba and forcible intervention if it is necessary. His message is expected by Congress to-morrow.

The Oregon has arrived at Peru, en route from San Francisco to Key West.

Mr. Grout, of Verona, yesterday introduced a resolution recognizing Cuban independence and providing for an appropriation of \$500,000 for food, raiment, medicine, etc., for non combatant Cubans.

Three columns of war news will be found on page two.

The Pope has not offered to mediate between the United States and Spain, for he has not been asked to do so.

The Pope has telegraphed the Spanish queen, urging an armistice in Cuba.

The navy department yesterday authorized the purchase of ten vessels for the auxiliary navy.

The Observance of Easter.

"THE observance of Easter dates back to about the year 68, at which time there was much contention among the Eastern and Western churches as to what day the festival be observed. It was finally ordained at the council of Nice in the year 325 that it must be observed throughout the Christian world on the same day. The decision settled that Easter should be kept upon the Sunday first after the fourteenth day of the first Jewish month, but no general conclusion was arrived at as to the cycle by which the first festival was to be regulated, and some churches adopted one rule and some another. This diversity of usage was put an end to, and the Roman rule making Easter the first Sunday after the fourteenth day of the calendar moon was established in England in 669. After nine centuries discrepancy in the keeping of Easter was caused by the authorities of the English Church declining to adopt the reformation of the Gregorian Calendar in 1582. The difference was settled in 1752 by the adoption of the rule which makes Easter day always the first Sunday after the full moon which appears on or next after the twenty-first day of March. If the full moon happens upon a Sunday, Easter is the Sunday after.—[April Ladies' Home Journal].

LANDRETH'S garden seeds.

MCDERMOTT & SPEARS. (tf)

We are offering some choice ladies', misses, and children's shoes at special prices. Don't fail to take advantage of the offer.

DAVIS, THOMPSON & ISGRIG

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair.

DR.

PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING
POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.

40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

NUPTIAL KNOTS.

Engagements, Announcements And Solemnizations Of The Marriage Vows.

The marriage of Mr. Kenneth Walker, of Lexington, and Miss Maud Clegg, of Seattle, will be celebrated on April 20th at the latter's home.

The engagement has been announced in the Mt. Sterling and Cincinnati papers of Miss Sallie Johnson, of Mt. Sterling, to Mr. James Hutton, of Avondale, the marriage to take place some time after Easter.

The marriage of Miss Mary Belle Patterson and Mr. Hub Holliday, of Harrison, which was to have been celebrated to-morrow, has been indefinitely postponed on account of Mr. Holliday's dangerous illness of pneumonia.

Mrs. McFarland, a wealthy widow of Wapakoneta, O., who was put into an asylum by her relatives to prevent her from marrying a negro man, has escaped from the institution, and eloped to Canada with her colored lover and married him. He was a Pullman porter.

OBITUARY.

Respectfully Dedicated To The Memory Of The Dead.

Frank E. O'Brien, the eldest son of Mrs. Ellen O'Brien, of this city, died Thursday at Rochester, N. Y., after an illness of three weeks, in the thirty-ninth year of his age. The remains were brought to this city Saturday evening, and the funeral services were held at half-past two o'clock Sunday afternoon at the Catholic Church by Rev. E. A. Burke. The remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery. The pall-bearers were Messrs. P. I. McCarthy, Benj Perry, Wm. Remington, A. J. Fee, R. K. McCarney and F. B. Carr.

Sinney D. Clay, son of Mrs. Elizabeth Goodwin Clay, died Saturday evening of heart trouble, at the home of Mr. C. F. Didlake, near this city. The deceased was about forty years of age and was popular with a wide circle of friends, and was prominent in Bourbon social circles. He had been in failing health for some time and had lately returned from a trip to Hot Springs. The funeral was held at the residence by Eld. J. S. Sweeney, at half-past two o'clock yesterday afternoon, and the remains were interred at the Paris cemetery with Masonic honors. The pall-bearers were Dr. Frank Fithian, Henry Turney, C. J. Clarke, J. Frank Clay, John Woodford, E. F. Clay, Jr., Harry B. Clay, J. Hal Woodford.

L. & N. Reduced Rates.

The L. & N. will sell tickeths from Paris to Indianapolis to-day and tomorrow at \$6.55 for the round-trip, on account of the meeting of the Bimetallic Clubs of the Ohio Valley. Tickets good returning April 10th.

F. B. CARR, Agent.

GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

Theatrical And Otherwise—Remarks In The Foyer.

Richmond is to have a new opera house.

On account of her wicked reputation Lona Barrison, of the famous Barrison sisters, has been prohibited from appearing in Germany or Prussia.

On the 26th of April Miss Belle Stokes, late of the Pudd'nhead Wilson Co., which visited this city in February, will receive \$250,000, as her share of the estate of her brother-in-law, John B. Stetson.

Mr. Bedford Hedges, of this city, is a talented member of the Agnes Wallace Villa Company which is playing a successful engagement this week at Henck's, in Cincinnati. The company will close about the first of May in New York. Mr. George D. Mitchell, of this city, was the guest of Mr. Hedges Sunday and yesterday.

Located At Lexington.

The sub-committee appointed to inspect the locations offered for the Odd Fellows Widows and Orphans Home, was splendidly entertained by the Paris and Millersburg lodges Friday. The committee drove to Millersburg in carriages and after inspecting the K. W. C. building, with which they were much pleased, were handsomely entertained at dinner at the Conway House by Halleck Lodge. Returning to Paris, the gentlemen of the committee were entertained at supper by Hon. J. T. Hinton, after which they met at the Paris lodge room with the Paris, Millersburg and Hutchinson lodges. At half-past nine the Bourbon lodge gave a banquet at the Windsor in honor of the committee, at which there were present about one hundred and fifty guests.

The committee met in Louisville Saturday afternoon and decided to locate the Home in Lexington. While all of the Bourbon Odd Fellows and THE NEWS wanted to see the Home located at Millersburg, all recognize the fact that Lexington is really the better location, and all are satisfied with the decision of the committee.

Do not buy any wall paper until you get J. T. Hinton's prices and see his stock.

THE BOURBON NEWS, PARIS, KY., TUESDAY, APRIL 5, 1898.

BARGAIN SALE!

Having been engaged in the Dry Goods business without a rest or delay for over forty years, and now being of that age when rest is preferable to such a nervous strain as is required in conducting a business with such a large stock of goods to control as is my case, I have resolved from this date to inaugurate a series of sales to cut down my immense stock to a reasonable proportion, and will offer

EVERY ARTICLE IN MY STORE AT ABOUT

One-Half The Price Asked For The Same Class of Goods at Other Houses.

To take advantage of the high Tariff that was introduced with the advent of the present administration in office, I purchased the largest stock of goods I, or any merchant, ever brought to this part of Kentucky, and with this advantage in prices and the completeness of my stock I am satisfied I can give my customers better goods at lower prices than any competitor.

To reduce stock, I will, commencing on

**Thursday, April 14,
and continuing three days**

Thursday, Friday and Saturday, April 14th, 15th and 16th,

Offer All WHITE GOODS,

Such as Nainsooks, India Linnens, Organdies, Embroideries and Laces.

At such Low Prices as were Never Before quoted in Paris.

My goods are all new, of this season's importation—no old stock, everything fresh and nice. Previous Bargain Sales will attest the merits of my way of doing business and conducting these periodical sales. This sale is made to reduce the already too large stock on hands. Many

NEW IMPORTED DRESS GOODS

will be added to this sale.

Come and see us and you shall not be disappointed. Remember

April 14th, 15th and 16th.

G. TUCKER.

529 MAIN STREET, PARIS, KY.

WHEEL NOTES.

Lines About Devotees Of The Wheel, At Home And Elsewhere.

Daugherty Bros. have sold a '98 model Phoenix wheel to Swift Champ, of THE BOURBON NEWS.

The Louisville Times says: "The Ruff Memorial Fountain has already become quite popular as a resting place, and any pretty day sees the benches well filled. As soon as the season opens it will be lighted and supplied with water."

Attention, Members of the Grand Order of the Orient.

THE Illustrious Grand Commander of Kentucky will be present Thursday night. Business of great importance. Seven candidates will be initiated in the Oriental degree. As this is the regular election night it is important that all members be present.

By order of the

GRAND PA-DI-SHAW.

ATTENTION HORSEMEN.—Notice is given to all owners of stallions, jacks and bulls that license should be taken out before any service is rendered, as the law requires me to collect a penalty of 20 per cent. if service is rendered before taking out license.

ED. D. PATON,
Clerk Bourbon County Court.
(5apr-5t)

Yesterday's Temperature.

THE following is the temperature as noted yesterday by A. J. Winters & Co., of this city:

7 a. m.	43½
8 a. m.	44
9 a. m.	45½
10 a. m.	45½
11 a. m.	45½
12 m.	44½
2 p. m.	44½
3 p. m.	43
4 p. m.	41
5 p. m.	40
7 p. m.	40

Your Life Insured—1c. a Day.

(tf)

OUR insurance is protected by bankable paper on the Capital City Bank of Columbus, O. There can be no stronger guarantee given you. We dare not use a bank's name without authority, if you doubt it, write them. Good health is the best life insurance. Wright's Celery Capstanes gives you good health, they cure Liver, Kidney and Stomach trouble, Rheumatism, Constipation and Sick Headaches. 100 days' treatment costs 1c. a day. A sight draft on above bank in every \$1 box, which brings your money back if we fail to cure you. Sold by W. T. Brooks, druggist.

(26oc-8t)

THE Northwestern Mutual life has paid to representatives of its policy-holders and to its policy-holders, and is now holding for them, \$180,000,000, an excess over premium receipts of over \$20,000,000.

(26oc-8t)

FASHIONABLE TAILORING!

WE HAVE RECEIVED A SPLENDID STOCK OF

IMPORTED SUITINGS AND TROUSERINGS

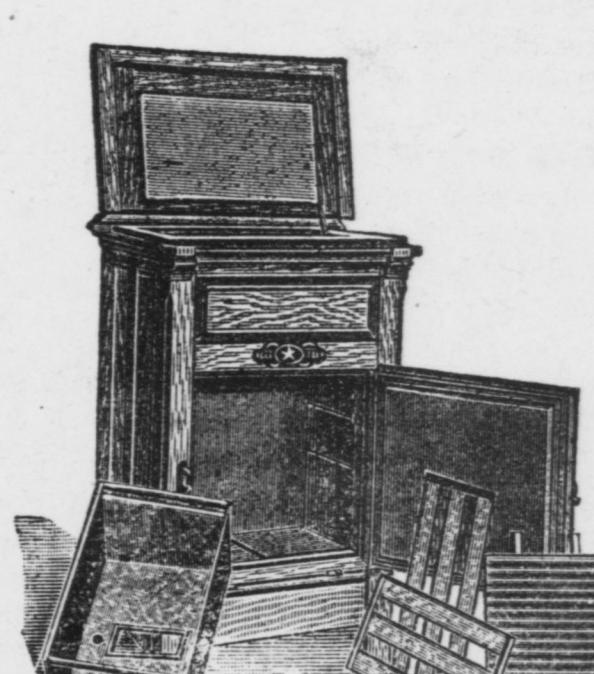
FOR SPRING AND SUMMER.

Our Prices are lower than any house in Central Kentucky, when quality and style are considered. We ask you to give us a call.

**F. P. LOWRY & CO.,
FINE MERCHANT TAILORS.**

S. E. TIPTON, Cutter.

OF COURSE, YOU NEED A



Refrigerator.

Well, don't wait until you spoil enough provisions to buy a Refrigerator before you purchase, but come in now and get the best made. It is a little early, but

NOT TOO EARLY TO BUY.

All hard wood cabinets, fancy hardware, removable and cleanable ice-chambers and CORK-LINED walls.

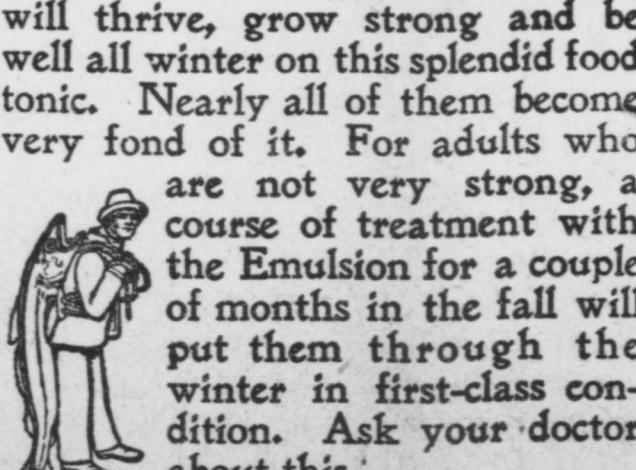
This refrigerator is the best made for the money. Come early, don't wait until hot weather compels you.

J. T. HINTON

Elegant line of Pictures and Room Moldings. Send me your old furniture to be repaired. Your furniture moved by experienced hands.

Wood Mantels furnished complete. Undertaking in all its branches.

Embalming scientifically attended to. CARRIAGES FOR HIRE.



\$1.00 PER BOTTLE at all Drug Stores, or send by mail on receipt of price.

BOOKS Containing invaluable information of interest to all women, will be sent to any address upon application, by

THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.

THE BOURBON NEWS.

(Eighteenth Year—Established 1881.)

(Entered at the Post-office at Paris, Ky., as second-class mail matter.)

TELEPHONE NO. 124.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES.
[Payable in Advance.]
One year.....\$2.00 | Six months.....\$1.00
NEWS COSTS: YOU CAN'T EVEN GET A REPORT FROM A GUN FREE OF CHARGE.

Make all Checks, Money Orders, Etc., payable to the order of CHAMP & MILLER.

Ladies, call and see the beautiful new line of children's suits, sizes from three to seven years, at Price & Co.'s, clothiers.

THE Bourbon Fiscal Court meets today.

SIX converts of the Union Church, colored, at Brentsville, were baptized Sunday at Coulthard's Mill.

THE Methodist ladies cleared thirty dollars yesterday on their court day dinner, in the Massie store room.

DR. C. H. Bowen, the Optician, will be at A. J. Winters & Co.'s, store Thursday April 7th. Examination free. (2)

WE have the celebrated English Enamels for bath tubs, wicket-work chairs, etc. BORLAND & SAUER.

CONDUCTOR W. H. Kirby, of the L. & N., yesterday moved his family from Maysville to Lexington, on account of Mrs. Kirby's health not being good in the former city.

Lee Hill, the Cincinnati light weight, who fought a draw in this city in November with Eddie Parker, wants a match with Warren Brooks, Paris, at 125 or 130 pounds.

W. H. MURPHY, of near Newtown, was knocked off the big trestle, near that place, yesterday morning by the East-bound train, and sustained painful bruises but is not seriously hurt.

DR. R. A. SPRAKE, late of Paris and Cynthiana, writes from Denver, that the fine climate of that beautiful city has greatly improved his health. He has gained fifteen pounds in weight, and may soon begin to practice dentistry in that city.

THE stores of Mrs. Cornay Watson, Mrs. M. Parker and Mrs. Geo. Rion were crowded Friday and Saturday with ladies who were delighted with beautiful specimens of Easter millinery which were on exhibition. The hats and bonnets were the most artistic ever shown in this city.

AN evening of genuine pleasure is promised to all who attend the song recital to be given at the lecture room of the Methodist Church on April 14th, by Miss Villa Whitney White, of Chicago, under the auspices of the Paris Musical Club. Miss White's voice has been unhesitatingly praised by the most exacting critics.

Embroidery Contest Decided.

THE embroidery contest at Mrs. Nannie Brown's store was decided Friday, the prize, a diamond ring, being awarded to Miss Mary Varden, daughter of Mr. G. S. Varden. The vote stood: Miss Varden ninety-six, Mrs. Stout Leir fifty-four, Mrs. Wm. Hukill, Jr., and Miss Lizzie Hopkins each received forty-eight votes. There were more than fifty pieces of embroidery exhibited.

Court Day Stock Sales.

A CROWD of moderate size attended court here yesterday despite the disagreeable weather. There were about six hundred cattle on the market but the sales were a bit slow. John Hulse bought twenty-six cattle from Frank Bedford at \$50 each, and Sam Bedford bought sixty long yearlings from Simon Weil, at \$26.01 each. Junius Clay bought forty heifers at \$21.50 each from Simon Weil. There were a good number of mules on the market, selling at from \$60 to \$110. About ten thoroughbred horses, from two to eight years old, sold at from \$6 to \$26.

An Attractive Art Exhibit.

HUNDREDS of delighted lovers of art viewed the splendid pictures exhibited Friday Saturday and yesterday in the show window at J. W. Davis & Co's.

These excellent portraits were the work of the Watters Party, produced at their studio, now temporarily located at the Hotel Windsor. The collection was placed on view in answer to the numerous requests of the many warm admirers of these eminent artists who desired that the crowds of visitors in the city might have an opportunity to see the fine pictures.

Among the crayons in the window were noticed speaking likeness is of Rev. E. A. Burke, James McClintock, (deceased,) Master Archie Paxton and Senator James M. Thomas.

In water colors and pastel were: Miss Belle Palmer McClintock, Mrs. Wolcott, Miss Julia Connell, (deceased,) Mrs. Mittie Goodpaster, (of Owingsville,) and Miss Ruby Remington, (deceased.)

Unstinted praise was bestowed on the collection and the Watters Party is congratulated by THE NEWS on its unbounded and merited success.

The Annual Stallion Show.

The annual display of stallions in the court house square yesterday was the most successful one seen here for several years. There was a noticeable improvement in the number of horses exhibited and in the individuality of the animals. The horses shown were:

Oakland Baron, 2:09½, by Baron Wilkes, dam Lady Mackey, by Silver Threads. Owned by Col. R. G. Stoner, Paris.

Regal Wilkes, 2:11¾, by Guy Wilkes, dam by Sultan; Sunland Bourbon by Bourbon Wilkes, dam Lark, by Abdallah Mambrino. Owned by Miller Ward, Paris.

Jay Bird, by George Wilkes, dam Lady Frank, by Mambrino Star. Owned by Bacon & Brennan, Paris.

Scarlet Wilkes, 2:20½, by Red Wilkes, dam Tipsey, by Alcalde. Owned by Bacon Bros., Paris.

Letcher, 2:18½, by Director, dam by Alice Grey, by Signal. T. W. Titus, agent, Paris.

Bannermark, 2:12, by Bismarck, dam by American Clay. Thos. Doolin, Shawhan.

Colonel Kip, 2:20½, by Kenwood, dam by Hamlet; Buffington, 2:20½, by Sable Wilkes, dam by Le Grand. Benjamin Hey, Cynthiana.

C. F. Clay, 2:18, by Caliban, dam Soprano, by Strathmore. Owned by J. F. Barber, Millersburg.

Rex McDonald, by Rex Denmark, dam by Black Squirrel. Owned by J. T. Hughes, Muir.

Hapsburg, by Gloster, dam by Wonderful Boy. Owned by Ware Bros., Cynthiana.

Harrison Chief (formerly Al Borac), by Harrison Chief, dam by Howard's Abdallah. Owned by Lafe Cunningham, Paris.

Pat Washington, by Washington, dam Minnie Parvin. Owned by W. E. Stillwell, Paris.

Courtland Leer exhibited a fine Jack.

The Passing of The Bourbon Fair.

SATURDAY afternoon Auctioneer A. T. Forsyth sold at public auction the grounds of the old Bourbon County Agricultural Society. These grounds have been used for fair grounds about half a century and were the scene of many thousands of happy meetings and countless pleasant reminiscences are associated with the palmy days of the old Paris fair which now passes into history.

The grounds were first offered in parcels and sold as follows:

No. 1—J. D. McClintock, \$600.

No. 2—Same, \$1,040.

No. 3—Selby Lilleston, \$425.

No. 4—R. B. Hutchcraft, \$400.

No. 5—John Brennan, \$810.

No. 6—Same, \$700.

No. 7—Same, \$800.

No. 8—R. B. Hutchcraft, \$95.

No. 9—Robt. Adair, \$340.

The nine lots were then offered as a whole and were purchased jointly by Messrs. McClintock, Lilleston, Hutchcraft, Adair and Brennan for \$6,089, who divided it into parcels as above, pro rata.

The floral ball was purchased by R. B. Hutchcraft for \$125. The stables sold for small sums.

A portion of the grounds will be put into tobacco and later will be sold as town lots.

Taken To The Penitentiary.

TWELVE colored men, convicted at the recent term of the Bourbon Circuit Court, were taken to the penitentiary at Frankfort, Saturday by Deputy Sheriff W. W. Mitchell, Constables Joe Williams and James Gibson, Officers Jeff Elgin and Ed Hill. They were: Ed. Washington, Luther Jones, John Channel, house breaking, five years years each; Walter Brothers, grand larceny, three years; Bud Ross, same, one year; John Smith and Will Trumbo, house-breaking, two years each; Anderson Harris, malicious cutting, three years; Morris Beasley, same, two years; Virgil Stephenson, horse stealing, three years; Henry Veach, house-breaking, three year; Speck Helvey, maiming, one year. En route to the prison the convicts were very merry, and different objects along the roadside brought forth the remarks "there's some chickens you can steal," "there's a house you can rob," "there's a man you can carve," "there's a horse you can steal," etc.

A KING of his trade in the laundry business must necessarily be one that understands it thoroughly, in all its slightest details. That is why we are doing the lion's share of the laundry business in Paris. Fine and careful work and a color and finish on your linens that pleases the most fastidious, are our claims to your patronage. Phone 4.

(tf) BOURBON STEAM LAUNDRY.

School News.

THE examination of those pupils in the county schools who desire certificates on the common school course will take place at the court-house on Thursday, April 28th, beginning at 8:30 a. m. The County Superintendent will be absent from the city until April 19th.

Those teachers who are to be paid on Saturday will find their checks at the Citizens' Bank.

(2t) BOURBON STEAM LAUNDRY.

PERSONAL MENTION.

COMERS AND GOERS OBSERVED BY THE NEWS MAN.

Notes Hastily Jotted On The Streets, At The Depots, In The Hotel Lobbies And Elsewhere.

Mr. G. W. Clay left yesterday for a trip to Hartford City, Ind.

Mr. R. L. Boldrick was in Lebanon Sunday on a short visit.

Mr. J. E. Kern went to Louisville yesterday on a business trip.

Miss Leila Johnson was the guest of relatives in Millersburg Sunday.

Mrs. John Dreman, of Bellevue, is the guest of relatives in the city.

Mr. Jas. Condon attended the grand opera in Cincinnati last week.

Mrs. H. C. Howard and Mrs. Frank Clay were visitors in Lexington Saturday.

Mrs. W. W. Massie was the guest of Mrs. W. K. Massie, in Lexington, Saturday.

The Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune Sunday contained a picture of Mrs. Geo. N. Parris.

The Courier-Journal Saturday contained a picture of Miss Olive Fant, of Flemingsburg.

Mrs. H. M. Taylor, of Carlisle, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Harvey Hibler, Saturday.

Mack Forsyth leaves for Latonia to-day in charge of G. W. Redmon's stable of race horses.

Mrs. Isaiah Offutt, of Newtown, was the guest of Mrs. John Ewalt, on South Main, yesterday.

Miss Nellie Mann has returned home from a delightful visit in Winchester and Mt. Sterling.

Miss Nora Young, of Nicholas, who has been the guest of Miss Anna May Davis, returned home yesterday morning.

Miss Alice Spears arrived home yesterday afternoon from a visit to her sister, Mrs. W. L. McClintock, at Frankfort.

Mr. J. A. Bower left Saturday morning for a short visit to his parents, in Boyle county. He returned to Paris yesterday.

Mr. George Williams Clay has returned from New York, where he has been attending a national shooting tournament. He was very successful in the contests.

Mrs. Florence Lockhart, Mrs. John Stuart and Miss Lutie Williams attended the meeting of the Woman's Club, in Lexington, Saturday. Mrs. Lockhart and Mrs. Stuart both made short addresses.

The Lexington Argonaut Sunday said: "Mrs. Frank Williams entered at luncheon yesterday Mrs. Lockhart, Mrs. John Stuart and Mrs. Lutie Williams, of Paris, and Mrs. John McClintock, of this city. The flowers were white roses."

The following persons attended a pleasant masquerade dance given Friday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Cunningham, near this city: Misses Sallie Woodford, Flower Girl; Nellie Bedford, Domino; Mary Bedford, Spain; Hattie Clark, Old Maid; Sallie Clark, Old Maid; Bessie Clark, Trixie; Mary Willis, Old Maid; Annie Wright, Peasant; Oma Marsh, Flower Girl; Pattie Ware, Maud Muller; Hannah Hill, Night; Fannie Lair, Night; Mrs. Clark Barnett, Flower Girl; Misses Clark Barnett, Clown; Eldrid Dudley, Dude; J. C. Clark, Dude; J. F. Clark, Sailor; Walter Kenney, Clown; Frank Wright, Washerwoman; Bob Clark, Waiter; Hugh Clednen, Soldier; Will Wornall, Sambo; Buckner Bedford, Gambler; Bob Adair, Convict; W. L. Clark, Prince; Ed F. Hutchcraft, Flower Girl; Norval and Willard Talbot, Jas. Ingles, J. C. Adair and Henry Lilleston were not masqued.

J. T. HINTON's stock of wall paper is the best and cheapest to be found in Paris. No auction or short goods.

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES, Colors, etc., everything usually kept in a first-class paint store, at

BORLAND & SAUER'S.

By a unanimous vote of the ladies it is decided that we have the prettiest line of wall paper ever brought to Paris.

BORLAND & SAUER.

Raceland Jersey butter for sale by Newton Mitchell.

An Ancient Mill.

THE recent high water in Stoner washed out about thirty feet of the dam at Coulthard's Mill, near Paris, and badly damaged the balance of it. The mill was built in 1785 by Alvin Mountjoy, and is probably the oldest running mill in Kentucky. A Mr. Simmons was the original mill-wright at this mill, and the original dam was one and one-half miles up the stream from the present mill.

ENTER church in a peaceful mood on Easter morn. You can't do this with that collar of points sawing your neck. Send them to us and have them returned with a perfectly smooth, ivory-like edge. You will be pleased with them.

(2t) BOURBON STEAM LAUNDRY.

A Military Company For Paris.

THERE is a strong movement on foot to organize a company of State Militia in Paris. This is something we have never had here before and the citizens should help the movement along. This company is not being organized, as some suppose, for the immediate purpose of going to war with Spain. In fact, the present trouble with that country have nothing to do with it. The company is intended to take the place of the one which was recently mustered out at Carlisle and this place would have to be filled if there were no talk of war at all.

The State Encampment is coming on and the officers of the regiment are desirous of having the regiment in good condition before that time. This company, if organized, will form a part of the First Battalion of the 2d Regt. This Battalion is commanded by Major J. Embry Allen, of Lexington, and it is said he is in favor of placing the company here although a number of other places have made applications for it.

Among the towns that are competing are Somerset, Maysville, Ashland and a number of other places. All of these have applications already in and, if the Paris boys do not want to get left they should get a move on themselves.

Some time ago an application was sent in from this place but there was no vacancy at that time and consequently the company was not placed here but, as there is now a vacancy, our boys should go out after it. It is expected that the State Encampment this year will be held at Mammoth Cave.

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THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Eighteenth Year—Established 1881.]
Published Every Tuesday and Friday by
WALTER CHAMP, Editors and Owners
BRUCE MILLER, Owners

AN EVENING REVERIE.

Beneath the trellised roses sit I, smoking,
The damp and dew of the evening fills the air;
I hear the frogs their sleepy chorus croaking,
And cricket choirs are chanting everywhere.
The old home o'er me rears its mossy gable,
A dusky shape against the starry sky,
A gray-grown dreamer, wrapped in shade's sable,
And musing o'er the happy days gone by.
The firefly lamps among the reeds are shifting,
The willows idly whisper in the breeze,
And out upon the night my thoughts are drifting,
Like helmsless ships to bring to me what they please.
And lo, from out the leafy darkness stealing,
There comes a vision rare, of girlish grace,
That in the latticed lamp-light's soft revealing,
Hath eyes of beauty and a fair, sweet face.

A lily form, so fresh and pure and slender,
A cheek the blushing roses might have kissed—
Ah, me, my worn old heart grows strangely tender
And in my eyes is more than evening's mist.
And, o'er the march of Time's unchanging measure,
That night once more returns my soul to bless.
From memory's guarded vaults I bring my treasure,
And hear her words and thrill with her caress.
Come, daughter, sit beside me 'neath the roses,
Here, where the casement casts its dappled light,
And let me see the face its ray discloses,
You look so like your mother, dear, to-night.
—Joe Lincoln, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

Bill Riggles' Romance.

By Montezuma.

AT FIRST blush it would have been difficult for anyone not familiarly acquainted with Bill Riggles to have associated with him any such an ethereal and effeminate folly as a romance. Superlatively tall, angular, awkward and diffident, I have never known a more reticent man, and, except in one thing, a less emotional one. Comely enough after a rough fashion, with honest, deep-set gray eyes, firm but pleasant mouth and broad forehead; with exaggerated mustache just a shade less brown than his ruddy cheeks, he was simply a type of the commonplace cow-puncher, remarkable in no one particular among his fellows. Not exactly what one would call a "ladies' man," and yet no woman looked at him the second time—and they all did—without a trustful smile on her lips, and children had a confident way of approaching him and making much of him from the start.

Men liked him, too, when they got well acquainted with him—which generally took time, as he was slow in forming friendships as he was in breaking them—and their liking grew with the years.

That Bill should have had a romance was one of those inexplicable freaks of fate that are always materializing for our mystification. I have never ceased wondering why fortune singled him out for that high distinction or how the capricious dame could have dared experiment with such unpromising material. I say this in no derogation of my old comrade. He was unpromising only in that he was a clear-headed, cool, sensible and eminently practical man not given usually to any romantic hallucinations or other vacuous foolishness of that sort. Of course he had the characteristic cowboy reverence for the sex and had exaggerated notions of the courteous chivalry and deference due all womankind, but he was a fool only in regard to one woman.

For that matter, I guess that is a common failing with us all. Our affections center on one woman alone as a rule, and we generally are as foolish as the law allows in that respect, but his folly was purely of an hallucinatory kind and would have been laughable if it had not been so sincere. In short, Bill was in love, not with a woman in the flesh, but with the picture of one!

It was a cigarette picture, at that. I mean one of those idealized, highly-colored lithographic wonders given as an artistic inducement to purchasers of those innocent-looking rolls of drugged tobacco which are alike the beatitude and the bane of dude and cowboy. Bill's inamorata was one of a series of six that were packed with a box of papelitos that "Tex" won in a bronco race over at Laramie on the Fourth of July and had thoughtfully sent back with the mess wagon for our delectation.

They were all bicycle beauties. Radiant goddesses in abbreviated tunics. There were six of us, and we drew straws for the choice. With my usual fool luck I got the last pick and drew the poorest girl in the lot—an indifferent blonde in a green skirt with no red on her cheeks, while Riggles got first grab and the peach of the layout, a ravishing brunette with a rosebud mouth and eyes that fairly winked at you.

Her wheel, too, wasn't none of those swy-backed things with no spine in it, but a regular gee-hoss with backbone clear from his neck to his tail. It was a dark sorrel and she straddled it just like a man. You could tell at a look she could ride and had the top cayuse of the whole string.

We tried to swap Riggles out of his girl, but he wouldn't have it. He nailed it up over his bunk and hung his rope around it to sort of let us know he had his string on her. He hung his spare

six-shooter up under her, too, and we took the hint. I gave Mexican Joe a plug of navy to boot with my girl and got the second best filly in the bunch, but she wasn't a marker to Bill's.

She'd been hanging there a month before we found out he was stuck on her. One rainy day Big Ike was cleaning his gun and when he got her loaded up he just drew a bead on Bill's girl and let her go for practice. He clipped a corner of the card just above her head, and the next second a tuft of hair floated down from just above his right ear, and Bill, looking over his cocked gun, said, quick like: "Shall us drive center next pop, Ike?"

Ike looked foolish and we all laughed, but there was no more shooting at that dame. Then one day she disappeared, and the next time I saw her it was in Bill's hand one night over at Cedar Springs, where he and I were holding a bunch of dogies. We were sitting at our camp fire smoking and he took her out of his vest pocket and looked at her like a hungry Injun at a pot of dough gods.

"Monte," says he, "what's her name, think ye?"

"Perty Sal," says I, at a guess, but he shook his head.

"Nary Sal. She's too high bred for that. Bet ye she's got a couple high-flown names, same's a thoroughbred hoss. Suthin' like 'Lady Maude' or 'Stella' 'Vangeline' or some such truck."

"Meby so," says I, "but how'll you prove it?"

"That's what gits me," he says, mournful like. "Howdy spose a feller cud find out?"

I smelled a little fun ahead, and says I: "Why, that's dead easy! Write to the feller that builds those cigarroots and ask him. Like enough it's his daughter."

Bill looked up quick. "Monte, I hasn't writ a line in ten year, an' my hand's out. If I git the paper will ye write for me?"

"Why, sure!" says I, and we shook hands on it and made a tobacco smoke. Then he talked—you never heard the like!

"Pard," says he, "that gal's my meat and I'm here! I felt it the second I laid eyes on her, and I knowed I was goin' to dror her pictur. Way down in my bones I feel that she's me air goin' to cum together. I don't mind tellin' you this for I know yer a frien' o' mine an' I'll stan' by me in a pinch. I don't want the other fellers to know it—an' ye'll write to-morrer an' say as how I've got sixteen hundred cases in the bank at Rawlins an' five hun'erd half grades in my own brand. That of she's willin', I am, an' I'll pay her freight out here and put everythin' in her name an' she won't hev ter ride no bisicle enny more for a livin', sabe?"

If he hadn't been so dead in earnest I'd have laughed in his face, but I saw he meant it and so I just laid low and kicked myself and hollered in my mind. The next day I wrote as he had said and inclosed a letter of recommendation Ora Haley gave him when he stumped old man Temple for his present job as foreman. It was a real nice letter and come as near to telling the truth about old Bill as a man could expect.

He posted it himself at Maybell and I fell off my horse one day when I rode up after the mail, a month later, and found a letter there addressed "William Riggles, Esq., in a woman's hand write and bearing the Richmond (Va.) postmark."

Bill was all alone in the corral when I rode up and put it in his hand without a word. He turned kind of pale around the gills and let his rope fall and stood there looking at the letter like a man in a dream. Then he braced up, put it in the inside pocket of his vest and picked up his rope. But he was plumb "off" and I soon saw that he couldn't catch nothing. Why, he was so rattled that he couldn't hardly catch his breath, let alone a wild bronco, and I told him I'd tend to the work for him. But he hung around and helped some, and after supper he hauls the letter out and says: "Read it for me!"

I'll own up to a surprise party right then and there. She wasn't that kind of a girl at all, and she really was a girl, after all! The letter was a long one and I can't remember the exact words and I haven't got it to quote from. Bill's got it in his bosom and he's—but that's getting ahead of my story.

The substance of it was that "she acknowledged the receipt of Bill's letter, which had been handed to her, the original of the picture we had inclosed, by the factory superintendent." (Our letter had been sealed and addressed "To the lady whose picture this is," and inclosed in a letter to the cigarette maker). "She thanked the gentleman for his very kind and flattering proposal and begged time to consider it. She stated frankly that she was only a factory hand, a cigarette roller, and had posed for that picture only because she was compelled to do so for business reasons—she had an invalid mother to support and work was hard to get." (Here I had to explain to Bill, who clutched his gun with a horrible impatience against the factory owner and said something about "meeting that skunk and squaring things!")

She was 23 years old, never married, and an only daughter. Her mother must be considered in any arrangement she made. She respectfully requested Mr. Riggles' photograph, referred him to two ministers and ended by signing herself "Marion Lucille Haywood."

At the name Bill jumped up and thumped me on the back. "What'd I tell ye? 'Perty Sal' be—! I knew she was a thoroughbred! I go up to Wallihan's to-morrer an' git my pictur took in my store close!" and he hit me again and almost knocked the breath out of me.

The photo was sent forthwith and as an earnest offering Bill inclosed two \$100 bills. The return mail brought a photo of Miss Haywood in more conventional costume, and the big fellow was manly and brave enough to kiss it tenderly before the whole outfit. We Boston Journal.

didn't laugh, either, for a wonder, but every man took his hand, instead, and said a few gruff words of heartfelt congratulation. Then they went out, leaving us alone.

The accompanying letter said simply:

"We leave here in ten days for Maybell, Col., where we hope to meet you and form a closer acquaintance."

The next three days were spent in slacking up things about Bill's private ranch house and getting ready for the visitors. As we had no information by which route they would come we could not go to the railway to meet them and so had to await the arrival of the stage.

We were standing in the soft aftermath waiting for the welcome sight of the sturdy gray when suddenly there burst upon our ravished eyes a most entrancing vision. Down the road some hundred yards ahead of the stage came a single figure on a bicycle. We did not need to be told who it was, despite the fact that she wore instead of the bizarre cigarette costume a most becoming divided skirt habit of tan cloth and a bewitching little hat. She was prettier, if anything, than her picture and Riggles' hand, lying on my arm shook violently.

Seeing us, she checked her speed and modestly awaited the coming coach.

As she back-pedaled gracefully a bunch of range cattle trailing down to water came into sight directly opposite her.

Catching sight of her they stopped short and bent their startled gaze upon her. Then, before we could shout a warning they lowered their heads and charged directly towards her. I heard a hoarse cry and there was a rush apart me. Just as the foremost steer, a vicious two-year-old brindle, reached her off the wheel and covering her body with his, went down beneath the trampling hoofs. It was over in a minute and we were there to help, but they both lay silent and limp. His arms were about her in a grip that we could not loosen and for awhile we thought them both dead. But when we had carried them into the house the vice-like grasp relaxed and her mother, a calm, dignified old lady, soon had restored her fainting but happily uninjured daughter to consciousness.

But Bill lay ominously pale and still. His heart was beating faintly and I told "Tex" to kill his horse getting to Craig after the doctor. Just as day was breaking the gallant fellow staggered into the room, followed by the surgeon. He had ridden 90 miles in eight hours!

"Tex" liked Bill.

It was fracture of skull, ribs and collar bone and the surgeon feared concussion of the brain. But when the depressed bone had been skillfully raised Riggles opened his eyes to see a sweet face bent pityingly above his and feel the love dew on his lips and a soft pair of arms about his neck. And how could a man die after that?

I am going to write to the other barrette to-morrow.—Cycling West, Denver.

FINE STORY SPOILED.

Another Instance Where Realism Ruins the Dreams of Idealists—An Unvarnished Sequel.

Another tale of animal sagacity and devotion to man has gone glimmering. A fisherman fell through a hole in the ice on Lake Erie. His faithful team of dogs waited through the long, cold, bitter night for him to reappear. When the gray dawn broke they set off in search of help. They found some other fishermen and by methods approved for such cases—barking, whining, tugging at coats and bounding ahead—they induced the other fishermen to go to the rescue. After weary leagues of marching, during which the brave animals often had to renew their human comrades' courage, the hole in the ice was found. There were also the broken sleigh and the marks of the death struggle. Human intelligence saw at once that the man had been drowned for keeps. Unreasoning canine love insisted on a plunge into the icy depths after the lost master. Balled in this, the indignant animals fled away into the distance with dismal howls. Presumably they committed suicide farther up the lake. If they had consented to return to the island the appreciative population would have feted them on shad roe and Florida strawberries.

That was the story that was told and it was a fine one.

The sequel is told by the drowned fisherman himself, who, with the fatuity common to premature heroes, refuses to stay dead. He explains that when he fell into the hole his dogs basely deserted him. They broke their harness and went off a-junketing. He saved himself and quietly went to his home at East Buffalo, while his runaway steeds were posing as heroes and martyrs and trying to secure engagements in the dime museums.

It is a sad ending to a pretty little romance, but not a surprising one to those who know animals and their ways.—Buffalo Express.

He Came Near Praising Her.

Old Ab Drake was one of the "odd sticks" that flourished in a Vermont rural neighborhood a good many years ago. His wife was a meek, obedient, spiritless woman, over whom Ab tyrannized for 50 years, when she quietly slipped out of this world. Old Ab's panegyrics on his dead wife's virtues were loud and long. Before the funeral he said to one of his neighbors: "She was the best woman on the top of this earth. I jess thought the world and all of her—yes, I did! I always thought it, and hanged if there wa'n't times when I come mighty near tellin' her so! Yes, sir! an' I would of told her so, only I've always held, and I still hold, that it ain't safe to praise anything that war's peccatoons. 'Ceptin' for that, I would of told 'Lizy Ellen what I thought of her many a time—yes, I would!"

The photo was sent forthwith and as an earnest offering Bill inclosed two \$100 bills. The return mail brought a photo of Miss Haywood in more conventional costume, and the big fellow was manly and brave enough to kiss it tenderly before the whole outfit. We Boston Journal.

ACTUALLY TOO UGLY TO DIE.

Twas Right for Him to Shuffle Off, But He Was Too Nervous.

Two Bill Nyes or Artemus Wards or Mark Twains are never born. The peculiar form of Nye's humor can be illustrated by this incident. One evening at the Union league he objected in apparently a very serious way to a certain story that had been told.

He said that while it was not exactly irreverent in tone it was irreverent. "Now," he continued, "I'll tell you a story which could be read with impunity to a mite society. There was a man who had to die. The doctor told him so, and urged him to die with neatness and dispatch. The man told the doctor to go on the lawn and kick himself.

"The doctor being, as all doctors are, of a benevolent turn of mind, went to the invalid's wife and said: 'There's really no use of my coming here any more. Your husband is a dead duck. As a matter of fact, he should be quite dead now, and it would be a good thing for all of us if he was. I'm not married myself; how much money has he?"

"I think about \$50,000," said the distressed wife.

"So much the better. I'd strongly advise you to go to him and explain the folly of keeping up his desire to live. Tell him that it's only his nerves which are supporting him, and that if he will tell you what is preying on his mind he'll pass away like a bit of pie."

"So the agonized mother of the family went to the father of the same, and said: 'Hubby, you know I love you. Tell me what it is that worries you.'

"Oh, go to bed!" said the invalid.

"Then the suffering mother appealed to her sorrowing children and urged them to coax their parent to reveal the secret which was gnawing his vitals. They went and they came back at a gallop.

"What did he say?" the anxious mother inquired.

"We can't tell you, mother," responded the eldest son, a noble child of 20. "His language was something to make your hair curl."

"So as the last resort the priest was sent for. The situation was explained to him and he visited the invalid. 'My son,' said he, 'I am assured by the best medical advice that death is inevitable to you. There is a burden on your mind. Disclose it to me before I give you absolution.'

"The invalid sighed. 'Oh, well,' said he, 'if you put it that way, I'll tell you. The fact of the business is I'm so darned ugly I'm ashamed to be laid out!'—Philadelphia Times.

AS MOTHER MADE IT.

UNATTAINABLE COOKING BECAUSE YOUTH'S APPETITE IS GONE.

We fear that the young husband who wants everything "the way his mother made it" is asking for the unattainable. It is not the cooking that is the fault, but the complainant's appetite. If he could replace the critical, wearied palate of the man with the fresh, eager one of the schoolboy he would readily see the superiority of the housewives of to-day over those of the last generation. This is due to the special attention that has been paid to culinary matters in recent years and to the superior intelligence acquired through this.

A simple breakfast dish, and one that is always welcomed by men, is "picked cod." There are many ways of preparing it, but the best one seems to be to pick it into flakes, and wash repeatedly until it is no longer salt, and then put it into a pan of cold water and let it come gradually to the boiling point. It must remain this way for at least 20 minutes, and it is important to remember that the water should not really boil.

An excellent sauce is made by measuring a pint of rich milk for each pint of codfish, and stirring it into a tablespoonful of flour, which has previously been melted in an equal measure of butter. The sauce must simmer slowly, the bubbles rising only at the sides. When the water on the dish is at last allowed to boil, turn it off and put the drained fish into the cream sauce. Let it boil up for two minutes, then draw it to the back of the stove. Season with a little white pepper and add two eggs which have been previously beaten with a little of the hot cream. The cod may stand in the sauce for three or four minutes, but it must not boil. Prepare three delicate slices of brown bread, lay them on a hot platter, and pour the picked cod over. Three tablespoonsfuls of cream, stirred in when the eggs are beaten, will be found to be wholly unfit to be eaten at any time, and so should be discarded. Dessert is really an ingenious device to lead people to make dyspeptics of themselves by eating more than they need. A safer and more sensible method would be to begin the meal instead of ending it with dessert. Good Health.

UNWHOLESALE DESSERTS.

The practice of serving fruit, puddings, nuts, confectionery and tidbits of various kinds as a dessert is a pernicious one. In the first place, it is an inducement to overeating, since it is quite probable that enough has been eaten before the dessert is served. If the articles offered are wholesome, they should be served and eaten with the meal, as a part of it, and not at its close, in addition to the meal. But it is generally the case that most of the articles served at dessert are wholly unfit to be eaten at any time, and so should be discarded. Dessert is really an ingenious device to lead people to make dyspeptics of themselves by eating more than they need. A safer and more sensible method would be to begin the meal instead of ending it with dessert.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

ROADS IN MARYLAND.

Wheelmen Have Begun an Agitation Which Has Very Fair Prospects of Success.

The wheelmen of Maryland are actively interesting themselves in an effort to secure good roads for the state, and with a fair prospect of success. They have placed themselves in communication with the farmers, and it is reported that there is an excellent understanding between these two classes, whose interests are so closely allied. It has required much demonstration to convince the farmers that good roads are a profitable investment. The work of the agricultural experimental stations in this regard has been invaluable. Experiments with broad and narrow tires conducted under the eyes of the farmers have definitely shown the folly of maintaining the present system of small-tired wheels, as long as the roads are indifferent or positively bad in quality. There are two points from which to view the relationship between the tires and the quality of the road. The experiments have shown first that as long as the roads are in poor condition, subject to much moisture and thereby liable to become heavy and muddy at short notice, the use of the



ROAD LEADING TO SLEEPY HOLLOW, N. Y.

narrow tire is a positive hindrance. It requires more power to haul a wagon so equipped, for the tire sinks deep into the material of the road and thus forms for itself a constant obstruction that must be overcome. But the broad tire has a use other and indeed better than that of minimizing the labor and therefore the cost of hauling. It cures the bad conditions that have been largely caused by the narrow tire, serving as a compressor and gradually compacting the material and greatly improving its condition. Thus the broad tire means a double gain. It saves the cost of hauling, by permitting heavier loads to be hauled by the same agencies and in less time, and it saves, too, in the cost of road making and in repairing. It is believed that if all road users could be persuaded to change the tires of their draft vehicles, especially in the districts where bad roads are the rule rather than the exception, the ultimate cost of bringing the country thoroughfares up to a modern standard would within a very short time be so low that the most comprehensive road improvement laws could be passed without difficulty. The present movement in Maryland is concentrated in an effort to secure the enactment by the legislature of certain pending bills that aim at the construction of good roads by authorizing the people to bond themselves for this purpose. In some states much has been done by granting exemptions from road taxes to those road users who have adopted the broad tires and likewise to those who have adjusted their vehicles so that the front and rear wheels will not "track," thus minimizing the chances of wearing the surface of the road. It has been found that with broad tires in use the amount of road surfacing material needed is comparatively small. All these facts have been gradually and persistently brought to the attention of the agricultural classes so that now the plea of the wheelmen, who are growing to be a material power in the land by reason of their numbers, is being heeded far more earnestly than ever before.—Washington Star.

CARE OF UTENSILS.

Dairy Pans and Pails Should Always Be Made of Tin and Kept Scrupulously Clean.

All dairy utensils should be made of tin. It is a good plan to have the milk pails and pails made to order. Use the best tin and have all the joints made round. After use they should first be washed in cold water and soap and then scalded, using plenty of hot water, wiped perfectly dry and placed where the sunshine will get into them. It is a great mistake to pour hot water into milk pans and pails, for it will coagulate the milk in the seams and corners and if by accident the curd is not all washed out it will sour and affect the next milk put in. Borax is a great purifier. If a little is added to the hot water that the utensils are rinsed in, it will cleanse and purify them. Use enough to make the water feel slightly slippery. Dairy utensils should never be used for other articles of food.

To clean tinware, dampen a soft cloth and dip it in common baking soda and rub the ware briskly, and then wipe dry. Milk is a ready absorber of gases. Care should be taken not to have it stand in a place which is damp or musty or in a cellar where there are decaying vegetables or near onions, fish or other odorous substances. Finely powdered charcoal, which is an absorber of gases, should be kept continually in a milk room, especially in hot weather, when unwholesome gases are most liable to affect the milk.—American Agriculturalist.

MAKING FAMILY CHEESE.

Not a Hard Thing to Do, Provides You Know How to Go About It in the Right Way.

In making cheese by the dairyman at home, where one does not have a vat with a heating arrangement underneath, the milk can be heated in a tin heater set in a kettle in which there is a quantity of water. A dairy kettle is the best; that is, a kettle and stove combined. If you do not have this you can use a cauldron kettle set in an arch, if there is draft enough so that it will not smoke, as the smoke would taint the milk; then, by filling the tin heater with milk and warming it up to about 100 degrees Fahrenheit and turning it up again and heating it, and continuing to do so until the temperature of the milk in the vat is 86 degrees Fahrenheit, it would all be warmed.

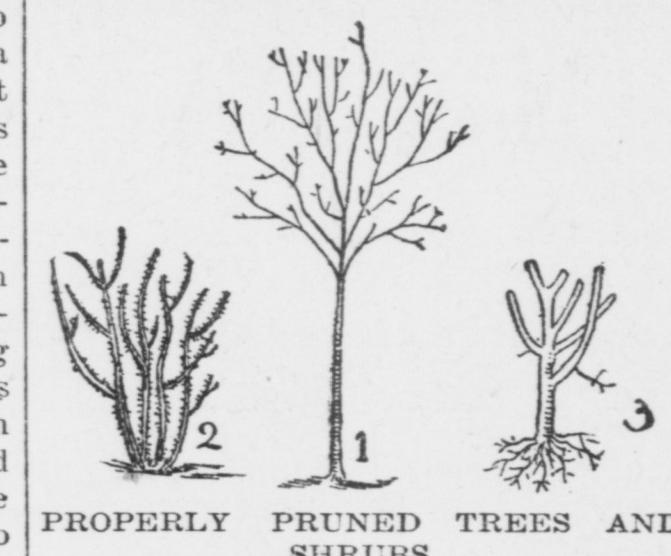
Then add rennet extract, reduced with one quart of cold water, at the rate of three ounces to 1,000 pounds of milk, thoroughly stirred, so that it will be evenly distributed through the whole mass of milk, says George Smith, former cheese instructor of New York. When the curd is hard enough so that it will leave the side of the vat when pressed away by laying the back of the hand upon it, cut it, using the perpendicular knife, and cut as even as possible. Then stir it until whey begins to separate quite freely.

Then dip off the whey and fill the tin heater and warm up to about 100 degree Fahrenheit and turn in the vat, and continue to do so until the temperature is brought up to 98 degrees Fahrenheit, at which point it should be kept until the curd becomes firm, and when squeezed up in the hand it will fall apart readily, and by taking and squeezing the moisture out of it and touching it with a hot iron, it will draw out fine threads about one-half an inch in length. Then draw off the whey and stir the curd until the whey is thoroughly drained out of it, and then stir in salt at the rate of two pounds of salt to 1,000 pounds of milk. Pile up the curd on the side of the vat and cover up with a cloth and let it remain about an hour, stirring it occasionally. Then put to press, and press it lightly at first. In 24 hours the cheese may be taken out and a muslin bandage put around it. The cheese should be kept in a cool room and be turned, greased and rubbed every day.—Pacific Coast Dairyman.

HINTS ABOUT PRUNING.

Correctly Trimmed Shrubs or Trees Start Into Healthy, Vigorous Growth at Once.

So well is the importance of pruning when transplanting understood by vegetable and fruit growers and nurserymen with their young seedling plants that it is common practice to shorten branches of trees and shrubs, or dislodge if strawberries, cabbages, celery, etc. The same rule holds good with the flower gardener in growing young annual or other plants produced directly from the seed. With trees of considerable size, as shown by Fig. 1, this pruning may consist in thinning out all small brush and shoots crossing each other so as to leave the tree with a uniform top with one-half its original



PROPERLY PRUNED TREES AND SHRUBS.

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HIS TERRIBLE SUSPICION.

It Spreads a Thick Smear of Opaque Gloom Over His Correct Young Life.

Reginald Ashcroft was the son of rich but refined parents, and yet he was not happy. There was a pained expression upon his handsome countenance, and ever and anon he walked to the window and looked out over the beautiful prospect that stretched away toward Wilton manor.

At last he mounted his favorite cob, which had for two hours been hitched in front of the stately old mansion, and dashed down the broad highway.

Upon reaching Wilton manor the young man dismounted and rushed in.

Geraldine Huddethwaite, who had seen his coming, met him at the door.

There was a fond clasping of hands, a long look that was more eloquent than words could have been, and then the hand pair entered the drawing-room.

"Something troubles you, Reginald," the beautiful girl said at last. "Ah, do not try to keep it from me. My love tells me that you are ill. Tell me all, sweetheart, and let me share your burden."

"Deardest little one," he answered, as her head was pressed against his breast, "I suppose I have done wrong to come here, and cast my gloom over you. But I knew you would worry if I stayed away. Forget that I am not myself to-day. I am unwilling that you should suffer simply because I must."

"Reginald," she cried, drawing away, "you do not love me as you should or you would not have said those words."

"There, there, darling," he replied, drawing her to him again, "I will tell you all I will be frank with you."

Then he sighed, and after a brief silence resumed:

"You know I am to take part in the match game of golf to-morrow."

"Yes, yes," she answered, and a startled look came into her eyes.

"Well," he went on, "I am almost sure that I am to be made the victim of a conspiracy that somebody has been tampering with my sticks. I examined them this morning and one of them looked as if it had been sandpapered. I am almost sure, too, that it weighs at least half an ounce less than it did before."

Geraldine Huddethwaite was so badly shocked that she could only stare at him, and they both sat there in dumb silence. Cleveland Leader.

AN AFFLICTED MOTHER.

From the Times, Paw Paw, Ill.

A resident of this town who has lost two children during the past six years by violent deaths has been utterly prostrated by the shock, and seriously sick as a result of it. One child (aged 9) was killed by a cyclone in '90 while at school; another, three years later was run over by a Burlington R. train. That grief and misfortunes may so prey on the mind as to lead to serious physical disorders has been well demonstrated in this case. As a result of them, her health was shattered and she has been a constant sufferer since 1890. Her principal trouble has been neuralgia of the stomach which was very painful, and exhibited all the symptoms of ordinary neuralgia, nervousness and indigestion. Physicians did her no good whatever. She was discouraged and abandoned all hope of getting well. Finally, however, a certain well known pill was recommended (Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.)

She supplied herself with a quantity of them and had not taken them two weeks when she noticed a marked improvement in



A Constant Sufferer.

her condition. She continued taking the pills until seven or eight boxes had been consumed and she considered herself entirely cured. She can now eat all kinds of food, which is something she has not been able to do for years. She is not troubled in the least with nervousness as she was during the time of her stomach troubles.

She is now well and all because of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People a complete cure has been made.

If any one would like to hear more of the details of her suffering and relief gained by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People they may be obtained probably by writing the lady direct. She is one of our well known residents, Mrs. Ellen A. Oderkirk, Paw Paw, Ill.

No Room for Doubt.

Brown—Is he absent-minded?

Jones—Well, I should say so! Why, I've known him to lend his wheel!—Puck.

A woman with a wart on her neck looks better with high-necked gowns.—Washington Democrat.

Let a big fish shave off his mustache and all the little fish follow suit.—Washington Democrat.

Why shouldn't beer drinkers be arrested for blowing the tops off schooners?—Chicago Daily News.

A man must plow with such oxen as he bath.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, April 4.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle, common \$3 30	@ 3 75
Select butchers.....	4 15 @ 4 25
Calves—Fair to good.....	50 @ 50
HOGS—Common.....	3 15 @ 3 65
Mixed packers.....	3 70 @ 3 80
Light shippers.....	3 50 @ 3 80
SHEEP—Choice.....	4 15 @ 4 30
LAMBS—Spring.....	7 50 @ 8 00
FLOUR—Winter family.....	3 70 @ 4 00
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red.....	94 @ 94
Na. 3 red.....	92
Corn—No. 2 mixed.....	31
Oats—No. 2.....	92
Rye—No. 2.....	92
HAY—Prime to choice.....	9 20 @ 9 50
PROVISIONS—Mess pork.....	10 10 @ 12 50
Lard—Prime steam.....	5 00 @ 5 25
BUTTER—Choice dairy.....	11 @ 12 50
Prime to choice creamery.....	9 00 @ 10 25
APPLES—Per bushel.....	3 00 @ 3 50
POTATOES—Per bushel.....	60 @ 60

CHICAGO.

FLOUR—Winter patent.....

WHEAT—No. 2 red.....

CORN—No. 2 mixed.....

RYE—No. 2 white.....

OATS—Mixed.....

PORK—New Mess.....

LARD—Western.....

BALTIMORE.

FLOUR—Winter patent.....

WHEAT—No. 2 red.....

CORN—No. 2 mixed.....

Rye—No. 2 white.....

CATTLE—First quality.....

HOGS—Western.....

INDIANAPOLIS.

GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red.....

Southern—Wheat.....

Corn—Mixed.....

Oats—No. 2 white.....

PORK—Mess.....

LARD—Steam.....

NASHVILLE.

FLOUR—Winter patent.....

GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red.....

Corn—Mixed.....

Oats—Mixed.....

PORK—Mess.....

LARD—Steam.....

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR—Winter patent.....

GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red.....

Corn—Mixed.....

Oats—Mixed.....

PORK—Mess.....

LARD—Steam.....

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Winter patent.....

WHEAT—No. 2 red.....

CORN—No. 2 mixed.....

Rye—No. 2 white.....

CATTLE—First quality.....

HOGS—Western.....

BALTIMORE.

FLOUR—Winter patent.....

WHEAT—No. 2 red.....

CORN—No. 2 mixed.....

Rye—No. 2 white.....

CATTLE—First quality.....

HOGS—Western.....

BALTIMORE.

W. S. Anderson,
Of Leck, P. O., Pike Co., O. Recommend:
Wright's Celery Capsules.
To the Wright Medical Co.,
To Columbus, Ohio.
Gents:—I have purchased a box of Wright's Celery Capsules from James T. Blaser, druggist, Vicksburg, O., and used them for Stomach Troubles and Constipation. I can毫不
do anything for more than two years, but three boxes of your Celery Capsules and they have cured me. For the benefit of others so afflicted I wish to send this letter.
Very truly yours,

W. S. ANDERSON,
Sold by all druggists at 50c. and \$1 per box
Send address on postal to the Wright Med
Co., Columbus, O. for trial size free.

Wright's Celery Tea cures constipa-
tion, sick headaches. 25c at druggists

Insure in the Northwestern to
day t-morrow may be to late.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure
Cures a Prominent Attorney.



M. R. R. C. PHLEPS, the leading pension attorney of Belfast, N. Y., writes: "I was discharged from the army on account of ill health, and suffered from heart trouble ever since. I frequently had fainting and smothering spells. My form was bent as a man of 60. I constantly wore an overcoat, even in summer, for fear of taking cold. I could not attend to my business. My rest was broken by severe pains about the heart and left shoulder. Three years ago I commenced using Dr. Miles' Heart Cure, notwithstanding I had used so much patent medicine and taken drugs from doctors for years without being helped. Dr. Miles' Heart Cure restored me to health. It is truly a wonderful medicine and it affords me much pleasure to recommend this remedy to everyone."

Dr. Miles' Remedies are sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee, first bottle benefits or money refunded. Book on diseases of the heart and nerves free. Address,
DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.



W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 SHOE Best in
the World.
For 14 years this shoe, by merit
alone, has distanced all others.
W. L. Douglas \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$5.00
shoes are the productions of skilled workmen.
These prices are the same as those prices.
Also \$2.50 and \$2.00 for men's shoes.
\$2.00 and \$1.75 for boys and youths.
Boys' shoes are indexed
over 1,000,000 were made the best
in style, fit and durability of any
ever offered at the prices.
The are made in the latest
shapes and styles, and of every
variety of leather.
If dealer cannot supply you, write for cata-
logue to W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass. Sold by
J. P. KIELY.

SHERIFF'S SALE

OF

Bourbon Co. Land

BOURBON CIRCUIT COURT.

W. C. Wilkerson, etc., Plaintiffs,
vs.
Margaret A. Elliott, etc., Defendants.

By virtue of an order of sale in the above styled action, I will about 11 o'clock a. m., on

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1898,

expose to the highest bidder, at the Court house door, in Paris, Ky., the life estate of E. O. Elliott in so much of the following tract of about 80 acres of land, as will be necessary to satisfy the judgments in this action, and the costs and expenses of sale, aggregating about \$500.00 on the day of sale:

"A tract of about 80 acres of land, situated in Bourbon Co., Ky., on the waters of Hinkston Creek and being the same land allotted to said Margaret A. Elliott as her share of the estate of her father Andrew Banta, bounded on the N. by the land of Margaret C. Arnold, on the E. by the lands of Mary J. Gillespie and Isaac Clinkenbeard, on the S. by the lands of Lot Banta, Henry Banta and Jas. Banta's heirs and on the W. by the lands of Lot Banta."

TERMS: Said sale will be made upon credits of 6 and 12 months, for equal parts of the purchase money, for which the purchaser will be required to execute bonds with good surety, to be approved by the undersigned, bearing interest from day of sale until paid at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, having the force and effect of a judgment.

GEO. W. BOWEN,
S. B. C.

MCMILLAN & TALBOTT, Atty's.

H'S IN SHORTHAND.

Many Trials of an Englishman With His Stenographer.

An Englishman who drops his h's and aspirates his a's and a stenographer and typewriter who spells phonetically from dictation make a combination from which trouble is sure to result unless the "copy" is carefully revised. The manager of one of the most important manufacturing plants in Cleveland is an Englishman. Not long ago he employed a young man to act as his stenographer, and one of the first things that the latter was called upon to do was the "taking down" of a letter to the manager's wife, who was away at a summer resort. Being a busy man, the manager didn't take the trouble to look at the letter after it had been typewritten, but when his wife answered it there was a hot time for the stenographer. "My dear Henry," she wrote, "what on earth do you mean by calling me 'Hannah' and our little Horace 'Orris'? I will admit that this sounds like you, but why do you make a joke of it before your employees?"

Of course the fond husband and father didn't know what it all meant, and so he wrote for an explanation, when his first letter was sent back to him. One glance at it and he rushed over to his stenographer, excitedly threw the sheet down before him and demanded, "There, what do you mean, sir, by writing my wife's name down 'An-nah'?" "An-nah?" replied the young man. "Let me see. No, I've got it Hannah, all right."

"But," said the manager, who was furious, "it's not 'An-nah,' — it, Hanna!" "Well, there it is, Hanna—H-a-n-a-h."

"An-nah be dashed!" exclaimed the manager. "A-n-n-a, Hanna! Can't you understand English, you blanked fool?"

By this time the stenographer began to see through the trouble, so he begged off upon the plea that having had a swelling in one of his ears he had not been able to hear very well. But it cost him nearly a week's salary to square things with the other boys in the office, and he always deems it best to hide when he hears the manager's wife in the hall.—Cleveland Leader.

A BUSINESS PARABLE.

You Cannot Fail to Appreciate the Point In This Story.

Once a farmer had 1,800 bushels of wheat, which he sold not to a single grain merchant, but to 1,800 different dealers, a bushel each. A few of them paid him in cash, but far the greater number said it was not convenient then; they would pay later. A few months passed, and the man's bank account ran low. "How is this?" he said. "My 1,800 bushels of grain should have kept me in affluence until another crop is raised, but I have parted with the grain and have instead only a vast number of accounts, so small and scattered that I cannot get around and collect fast enough to pay expenses."

So he posted up a public notice and asked all those who owed him to pay quickly. But few came. The rest said, "Mine is only a small matter, and I will go and pay one of these days," forgetting that though each account was very small, when all were put together they meant a large sum to the man. Things went on thus. The man got to feeling so badly that he fell out of bed and awoke, and running to his granary found his 1,800 bushels of wheat still safe there. He had only been dreaming.

Moral.—The next day the man went to the publisher of his paper and said: "Here, sir, is the pay for your paper, and when next year's subscription is due you can depend on me to pay it promptly. I stood in the position of an editor last night, and I know how it feels to have one's honestly earned money scattered all over the country in small amounts."—Union Signal.

His Alibi.
Once upon a time the late Sir Frank Lockwood, while attending a police court, noticed that the magistrates were performing their duties in a very expeditious manner, and he commented on the fact to a superintendent of police. "Yes," answered the superintendent, who was pompous and none too well educated, "their worships always dispenses with justice very fast." Some years ago he got a prisoner off by proving an alibi. Some time afterward the judge met him and said, "Well, Lockwood, that was a very good alibi." "Yes, my lord," was the answer. "I had three offered me, and I think I selected the best."

Evarts and Mark Twain.

At a New England society dinner some years ago Mark Twain had just finished a piquant address when Mr. Evarts arose, shoved both of his hands down into his trouser pockets, as was his habit, and laughingly remarked, "Doesn't it strike this company as a little unusual that a professional humorist should be funny?" Mark Twain waited until the laughter excited by this sally had subsided, and then drawled out, "Doesn't it strike this company as a little unusual that a lawyer should have his hands in his own pockets?"—Exchange.

Queer Freak.

Dr. Donaldson is an ardent anatomist. His house is packed full of skeletons or bits of such, all articulated by his own hand.

He has a paper knife much admired. "Yes," he said in explanation, "I keep that for cutting the comic papers. You see, I made it from the funny bone of my first wife."—Pick Me Up.

In the Bird Store.

"Well, I find \$20 for that parrot too high. You say he can't talk."

"No, he can't talk, but he understands everything that's said!"—Fife Blaster.

CARLISLE.

News Culled From Nicholas County Precincts.

From the Mercury.

Mrs. Barnes has bought the Thos Mogen property for \$600 cash.

Walter G. Cook is to be the new postmaster at Salt Well, Nicholas county.

Daugherty Lodge No. 66, F. & A. M. will confer the third degree on three candidates to-night.

Rev. Leonidas Robinson, formerly of this county, is conducting a revival at the Methodist church at Harrodsburg.

Jas. George, Jr., has bought the George Ockerman property on the corner of Market and Walnut streets for \$1,500.

Preaching at the Methodist Church every afternoon at 2:30 and evening at 7 o'clock during this week by Rev. J. W. Mitchell, of Mt. Sterling.

It will pay the Carlisle people to call on J. T. Hinton and get his prices on carpets, furniture, lace curtains, and anything else in the house-furnishing line. (tf)

The Court of Appeals reverses the Circuit Court in the case of the City of Carlisle vs. Heschinger, of Maysville, which will add several dollars to the treasury.

DIED.—On the 30th inst., the wife and babe of Mr. Hargis Soper, near East Union, Burial at Richard Boardman's graveyard on the 31st. Mrs. Soper was about 25 years old.

DIED.—Charles Barton Hunkle was born Nov. 17th, 1858, in Carlisle, Ky., and died on March 25, 1898, at his mother's residence in this city. He leaves a wife, mother and three sisters.

DIED.—At her home in Virgil, Ill., on Tuesday, March 55, at 3:40 a. m., after an illness of over two months, Mrs. L. N. Roland, aged 64 years, 4 months and 15 days. Deceased's maiden name was Anna E. Sharp, daughter of John W. and Lucy Sharp. She was born Nov. 1, 1833, near Carlisle, in Nicholas County, Ky. She was married there Sept. 11, 1854, to L. N. Roland, who survives her. In 1838 they moved to Virgil. Mrs. Roland was a sister of Squire Thomas M. Sharp, of Headquarters, and half sister of Mrs. H. E. Ross, of Lexington, and Hamlet Sharp, of Mayville.

Wright's Celery Tea cures constipa-
tion, sick headache. 25c drug.

A Good Memory

often saves money and also good health. If you are troubled with constipation, indigestion or any form of disease, we advise you to take home a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin and health will be restored to you. Trial sizes 1c (16 doses), 16c (large size 50c) and \$1.00, of W. T. Brooks, druggist, Paris, Ky.

SEND your linen to Haggard & Reed's Steam Laundry for a good finish. (tf)

Cancer of the Breast.

Mr. A. H. Crasby, of 155 Kerr St., Memphis, Tenn., says that his wife often saves money and also good health. If you are troubled with constipation, indigestion or any form of disease, we advise you to take home a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin and health will be restored to you. Trial sizes 1c (16 doses), 16c (large size 50c) and \$1.00, of W. T. Brooks, druggist, Paris, Ky.

Mr. Crasby is incurable. A celebrated New York specialist then treated her, but she continued to grow worse and when informed that both her aunt and grandmother had died from cancer he gave the case up as hopeless.

Someone then recommended S.S.S. and though little hope remained, she began it, and an improvement was noticed. The cancer commenced to heal and when she had taken several bottles it disappeared entirely, and although several years have elapsed, not a sign of the disease has ever returned.

Soon pronounced her incurable.

He has a paper knife much admired. "Yes," he said in explanation, "I keep that for cutting the comic papers. You see, I made it from the funny bone of my first wife."—Pick Me Up.

In the Bird Store.

"Well, I find \$20 for that parrot too high. You say he can't talk."

"No, he can't talk, but he understands everything that's said!"—Fife Blaster.

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